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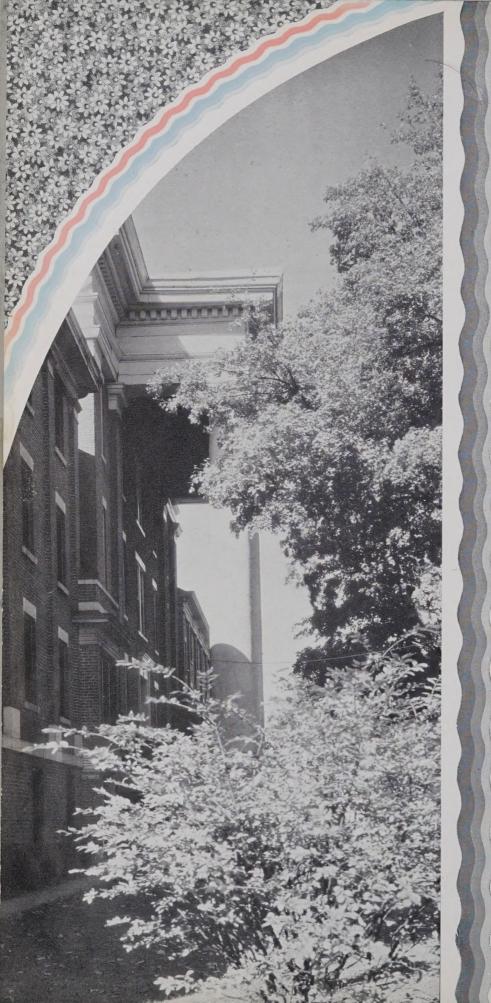


GC 976.902 H77BW 1934

> All Is Well-

May 22 1934 Battel college Pearest lovelist, darlingest Bothy: pen now that I have my pen I'll be able to write even if you can't read it. Now darling, I must belp you to make up your mind about coming back nest year. you know you are just dying to. Truthomore, you wouldn't leave here all alone you just wildn't! I need your brind significantly and understanding to earry me thru another year of ___ most probably Clevistry. But admitting the calamity that say my last an revoire's " (hotice my acquaintance with French language, please ? anyway, what I am trying to tell you is that you be a real good that girl and have earloads of fung with Franks Chicago, and other love apendages. In other words do everything I wouldn't oh yeeles!!) do. But here are a few things you must been in mind. First, answer all correspondence from Mexico, D.F., second, "Keep your temper", third obey your mother and lather in all things, fourth, and last but not least always remobabler your good de pal from Bethel days. Amen. P.S. I am sure next year the Sominole will be off the black list" and so you and I can go and ____, oh well, you Slee s wishing a mean, meny times, sincaely, anito

Ex Libris Butty Lu Hawkins



The 1934

COPYRIGHT

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-FOUR

SHIRLEY HERD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BILLY-BELLE HART BUSINESS MANAGER



A SLANT ON MAIN

SCROLL

VOLUME THIRTEEN

Published by the students

Bethel Woman's College

Hopkinsville, Ky.



FOREWORD

WHAT BOOK HAS HAD THE GREATEST INFLUENCE IN FORMING CHARACTER DUR-ING THE IMPRESSIONABLE PERIOD OF GIRLHOOD? THE STUDENTS OF BETHEL WOM-AN'S COLLEGE ANSWER UNANIMOUSLY, "LITTLE WOMEN." SINCE THIS BOOK, THEN, IS THE HISTORY OF THE ACTIVITIES OF BETHEL'S "LITTLE WOMEN" AND THEIR PILGRIM-AGE THROUGH COLLEGE, LET US EXPLAIN IN THE WORDS OF JO, "WELL, THE YEARS ARE GONE, AND WE'VE PROBABLY DONE NOTHING FAMOUS; BUT WE'VE MADE SOME FRIENDS WORTH HAVING AND WE'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM ALL OUR LIVES."

THE SASSAFRAS TREE

CONTENTS

BOOK ONE The College

BOOK TWO ACTIVITIES

BOOK THREE ATHLETICS

BOOK FOUR DIVERSIONS



HISTORIC MAIN

DEDICATION

TO

Mrs. Thompson D. Lewis

OUR AUNT MARCH

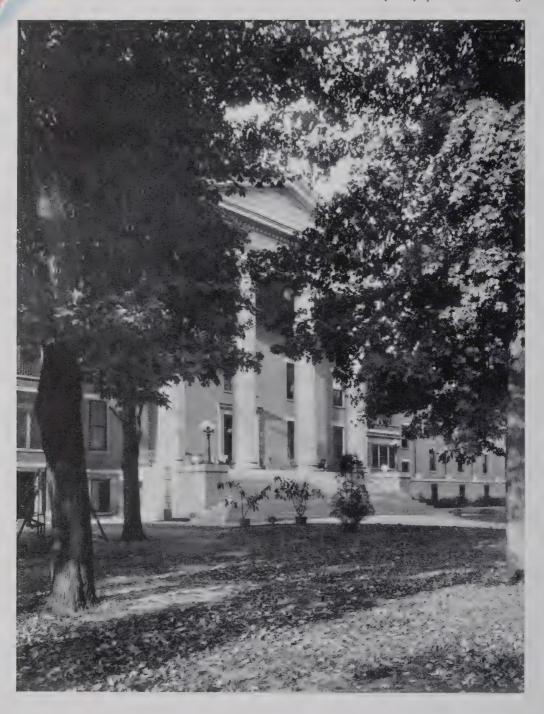
WHO, DURING HER MANY YEARS AT BETHEL, WAS A CONSTANT INSPIRATION TO THE STUDENTS, THROUGH HER FINE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL GRACE, AND SCHOLARLY DIGNITY—THE REAL BETHEL IDEALS. ALTHOUGH SHE HAS RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE, SHE IS STILL, AND EVER WILL BE, A TRUE BETHEL PATRIOT, LENDING HER UNTIRING INTEREST TO OUR WELFARE AT ALL TIMES. TO ONE WHO IS STEADFASTLY DEDICATED TO US, IN TOKEN OF OUR DEEP APPRECIATION WE DEDICATE THIS, THE "LITTLE WOMEN" EDITION OF

THE SCROLL



THE COLLEGE

"The stately building seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights."



Introducing THE COLLEGE

"To outsiders the five energetic women seemed to rule the house, and so they did in many things; but the quiet scholar, sitting among his books was still the head of the family, the household conscience, anchor and comforter; for to him the busy anxious women always turned in



Our March Family



Heads of the Family

"The girls gave their hearts into their mother's keeping, their souls into their father's; and to both parents, who lived and labored for them, they gave a love that grew with their growth."



With love and best wishes for much joy throw life, that you may continue 'S mileir thring' Mus-My delle

Soucerely your good fried - M Gaines

DR. AND MRS. J. W. GAINES
THE PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE



Leila Jernigan Grimes, B.M.T., B.S., M.A. WHITE PLAIN'S, GEORGIA

National Park Seminary; Georgia State College for Women; W. M. U. Training School; Mercer University.

Dean of Faculty

ELSIE PHILLIPS BROWN, A.B., M.A. OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma University; University of Chicago; College de la Sorbonne. French, Latin, Mythology

> BETTY MAY COLLINS, B.A., B.E. OLIVE BRANCH, MISSISSIPPI

Blue Mountain College; Columbia College of Expression; Northwestern University.

RUTH LUCILLE FORD, R.N., B.M.T. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

hssouri Baptist Hospital; W. M. U. Training School.

FRANCES MARION GAINES, B.A. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Bethel Woman's College; Swarthmore College. Mathematics, Science, English

CLEO GATES, A.B.

Central College; Indianapolis Normal College; University of Wisconsin. Physical Education

"They were really fine teachers, for they knew any quantity of Greek, Latin, algebra, and ologies of all sorts; and manners, morals, feelings, and examples were considered of particular importance."

FACULTY

BETH HUDDLESTON, B.A., M.A.

FULTON, KENTUCKY
University of Kentucky; Additional Work,
Washington University.

History; Political Science
Dean of Women

RENEE GRATIOT, A.B.

NEVADA, MISSOURI

University of California; Additional Work, San
Francisco School of Fine Arts.

Art

MINNIE HAWKINS

MAGNOLIA, ARKANSAS

Diploma, Ouachita College and American Conservatory; Columbia University.

Violin; Orchestra

REBECCA McCORMICK, A.B.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi College for Women; Additional
Work, University of Virginia.

Latin; French

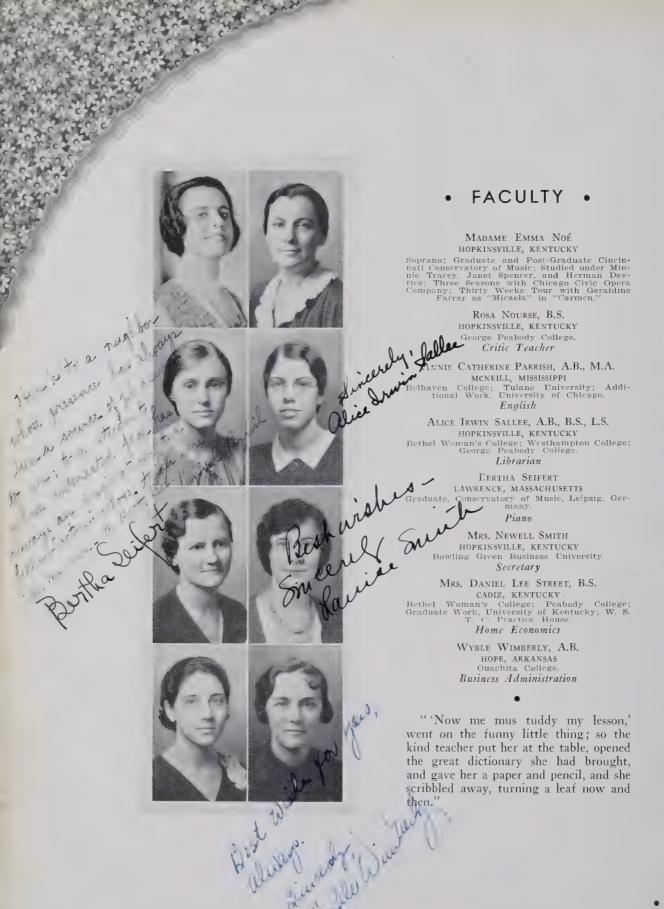
EVA MONROE, A.B., B.M.T.
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
Georgetown College; W. M. U. Training School.
Religious Education

MABEL IRMA NOWLAN, B.S., M.S.
GREENVILLE, ILLINOIS
Greenville College; Valparaiso University; University of Kansas; University of Michigan;
Heidelberg University.

Science; Mathematics; Spanish

"These much-enturing teachers had succeeded in hanishing chewing gama after a storm war, had made a bonfire of confiscated magazines, had suppressed a private post office, and done all teachers could do to keep a hundred and fifty rebellious girls in order."







DEMI

SENIOR MASCOT-JOHN WOODSON WINFREE

"He vainly tried to hoist his too confiding sister, who, with feminine devotion, allowed her little head to be bumped till rescued, when the young inventor indignantly remarked, 'Why, marmar, dat's my lellywaiter, and me's trying to pull her up'."

SENIORS

Betty fee .:







in finding

Betty les, our action of plans of and been much hat plans with hat plans of the through the state of the stat

Love

SENIORS

Mary Down

Miss Betty May Collins Olive Branch, Mississippi Sponsor

When all of the flurry and the worry that characterize a group of seniors weigh too heavily on us, we page Miss Collins. Immediately she begins to talk things over with us, and presto! her soft, lilting speech and sound advice make our troubles seem just as nothing.

Laurie had his Mr. Brooke, Jo's boys had their Professor Bhaer, and the little Kings had their Meg; but we have our Miss Parrish, whose zestful inspiration and flawless direction outshine the virtues of any sponsor one can name.

President of Class, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; B. S. U., '33, '34; Orchestra, '34; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

". . . always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners."



Dear Betty Lee.

May you have



dam so glad that you came down to Bethel because I wouldn't know that you

Dear Betty for,

SARAH ANN OVERSHINER Hopkinsville, Kentucky Lance tagether ВΦΔ A. A.

Vice-President of Class, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Town Girls' Club, '33, President, '34; Sigmo

SENIORS

". . . a great favorite . . . good-tempered, and possessing the happy art of pleasing without effort."

В $\Phi \Delta$ T. T.

Secretary of Class, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; The Pedagogues, '34; May Queen, '34; Sigmo Koch,

"A sunshing soul who found her way into everybody's heart and nestled there."

MARJORIE STANLEY Johnston City, Illinois

Treasurer of Class, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

she seemed to live in a happy world of her own, only venturing out to meet the few whom she trusted and loved."

live over there at Christopher fire down here and going

Harye.

me next summe



• SENIORS

Marie Beebe
"'Can't keep still all day I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."
WILMA MARIE BLAGG
" she studied with a dogged patience bent on occupying her mind with something useful."
Anne Broadbent
Y. W. A., '33, '34; Glee Club, '33; Sigmo Koch, '33, '34.
" a sweet, sunshiny presence."







SENIORS

The state of the s

6-







· SENIORS ·



Kappa Upsilon, '33, '34; Scroll, Reporter, '33, Literary Editor, '34; Town Girls' Club, '33, '34; The Pedagogues, President, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

"'It's naughty to fret, but I think washing dishes and keeping house is the worst work in the world.""

Glee Club, '33, '34; Wedding, '34.

"A universal favorite, thanks to manners and much talent . . ."



Benember poor see mory the mail" who gos the hax . SENIORS .

Public School Music

House, half-writ poems . . . stories . . . April letters, warm and cold

Y. W. A., '33, '34; Kappa Upsilon, '33, President, '34; Scroll, Assistant Editor, '33, Feature Editor, '34; Dramatics Club, Secretary, '34; Orchestra, '33; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

"'Let's have a little fun; I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it."

Y. W. A., '33; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, Chaplain and Sergeant-at-Arms, '33.

". . . as regular about her tasks as the clock."

Leur Lelly ; ...







time 1st Westiner and all the good timbs we've had. They you had successful in future years as you have been here at Bittiel

Y. W. A., '33, '34; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33. "'I am bashful, though no one will believe it.'"

Student Council, President, '34; Phi Theta Kappa, '33, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33; Miss Bethel, '34; Wedding, '34.

"'I never snivel over trifles."

Student Council, '34; Y. W. A., '34; Treasurer of Phi Kappa Pi, '34; Home Economics Club, '33, President, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33; Wedding, '33.

". . . her ladyship early learned to use the gift of fascination with which she was endowed."







SENIORS

East St. Louis, Illinois . W. A., '33, '34; Kappa Upsiloh, '33, '34; Scroll, Reporter, '33, Business Manager, '34; The Pedagogues, '34; Dramatics Club, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33; Wedding, '34. her restles spirit was always getting her into scrapes, and her life was a notes

series of ups and downs." but it's an in it

LUCILLE HARVEY Glasgow, Kentucky ΦКП Home Economics

Y. W. A., '33, '34; President of Phi Kappa Pi, '34; Home Economics Club, Vice-President, '33; Member, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33, '34.

"... a model housekeeper, bringing so much love, energy, and cheerfulness to her work that she could not but succeed.'

ΦКП A. A.

Secretary of Phi Kappa Pi, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33; Wedding, '33, '34.

"There never was such a woman for giving away victuals and drink, clothes and firin'."







Remember Anterpretation Play Reheared, Recitals, and Mildred

SENIORS

Student Council, '34; Y. W. A., '33, Treasurer, '34; B. S. U., Reporter, '34; L. S. B., '33; Kappa Upsilon, '33, '34; Scroll, Assistant Business Manager, '33, '34; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33. "'I like good, strong words that mean something.'"

Phi Theta Kappa, '33, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; B. S. U., '33; L. S. B., '33; Sergeant-at-Arms of Beta Phi Delta, '33; Kappa Upsilon, '33, '34; Scroll, Assistant Editor, '33, Editor-in-Chief, '34; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, President, '33.

"'I don't like fuss and feathers."

Student Council, '34; Phi Theta Kappa, '33, President, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; SCROLL, Advertising Staff, '34; Sigmo Koch, Chaplain, '33.

"I like your nice manners and refined way of speaking."







• SENIORS







WINIFRED KEYS.

Murray, Kentucky

President of Beta Phi Delta, '34; Y. W. A., '33, '34; Scroll, Business Staff, '33; Glee Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, Reporter, '33; Wedding, '34.

"She . . . always said the right thing to the right person, did just what suited time and place . . ."

Phi Theta Kappa, '33, '34; Y. W. A., Circle Leader, '33, Member, '34; The Pedagogues, '34; Orchestra, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '34.

". . . a sunshiny temper and a lively spirit."

Town Girls' Club, '33, '34 ;Sigmo Koch, '33.

". . . of an inquiring turn, wanting to know everything, and often disturbed because of unsatisfactory answers to 'What for?'



ISABELLA MOORE





Deare t Ketty Lee. It has been a a

В $\Phi \Delta$ Student Council, '33; Y. W. A., '33, '34; L. S. B., '33, President, '34; Chaplain of Beta Phi Delta, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, Chaplain, '33.

". . . shy and quiet . . . living for others cheerfully."

Dessarine Paschal Magnolia, Arkansas ВΦΔ

Student Council, '34; Y. W. A., '33, Vice-President, '34; Phi Theta Kappa, '33, Vice-President, '34; Corresponding Secretary of Beta Phi Delta, '34; B. S. U., '33, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Dramatics Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

"You're the best actress we've got, and if you quit the boards, there'll be an end of everything."

NAOMI REED McHenry, Kentucky В Ф Δ Piano

Y. W. A., '33, '34; Orchestra, '33, '34.

"Possessed of that indescribable charm called grace . . ."



ad well annual return. Cementer lite.

live in Central lite.

o drops me a live to concline. Asold luck to

Louise Virginia







· SENIORS ·

Mary Louise Street
ФКП А. А.
B. S. U., President, '34; SCROLL, Advertising Staff, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.
"'I'll talk all day if you'll only set me going,"
Mary Walsh
В Φ Δ
Y. W. A., '33; Glee Club, '34.
"She looks so fresh and quiet and behaves like a lady."
T
LOUISE VIRGINIA WALTON
Φ K Π Piano
Y. W. A., '33; Glee Club, '33, '34.
" busy and quiet."







SENIQRS of Long of the state of

Y. W. A., '34; Home Economics Club, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33, '34.

". . . she rather prided herself upon her shopping capabilities."

Vice-President of Beta Phi Delta, '34; Y. W. A., '33, Vice-President, '34; Orchestra, '33, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

". . . she was sweet and gentle and sedate."

Y. W. A., '34; Dramatics Club, '34; Sigmo Koch, '33.

". . . the great charm of all power is modesty."

The Pedagogues, '34.



LOOKING THROUGH THE COLUMNS

"They paced up and down the sunny walk, under the new-leaved maples."

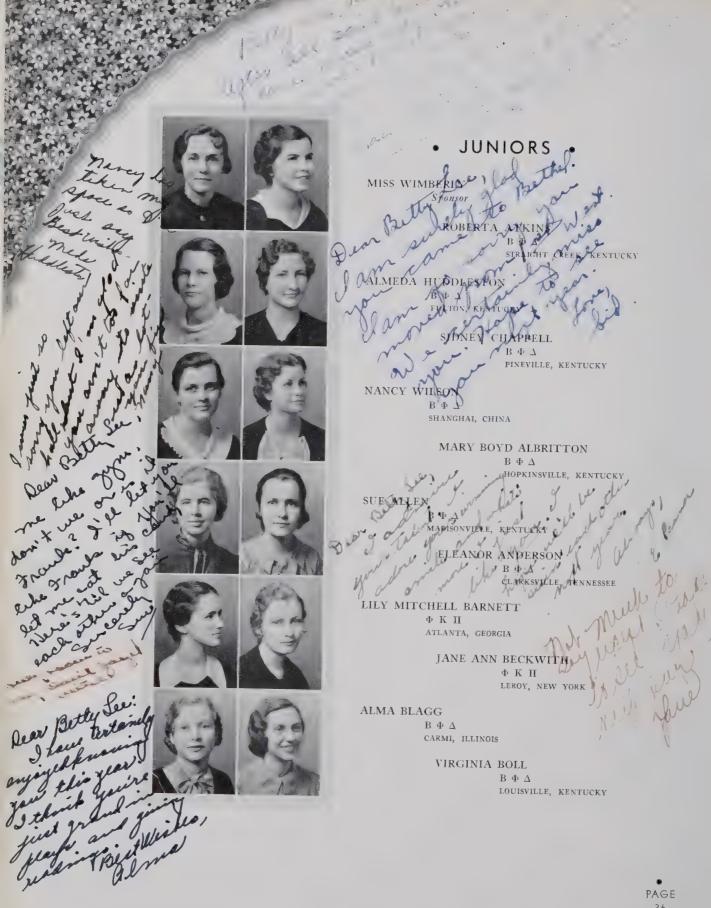


DAISY

JUNIOR MASCOT—EDWINE MOSELEY

"A rosy, chubby, sunshiny little soul was Daisy, who found her way to everybody's heart and nestled there."

JUNIORS



• JUNIORS •

ANNA DEACON BOWNE $_{\Phi}$ K Π

CLOVER POINT, KENTUCKY

FINEZ BRYANT

B Φ Δ

BOLIVAR, TENNESSEE

ZETTA CAHILL

 $В \Phi \Delta$

GLENDALE, KENTUCKY

DOROTHY CAMP

ΦКП

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

EVELYN ELIZABETH CARTER

ВΦΔ

OCALA, FLORIDA

MAMIE CLAVBROOK

В

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

MARTHA CLUTTS

ΦКП

CAIRO, ILLINOIS

GENEVA CROFT

ΦКП

CROFTON, KENTUCKY

DOROTHY VERNON CROWDER

ВΦΔ

CENTRAL CITY, KENTUCKY

DORENE CULLEN

 $B \Phi A$

WEST FRANKFORT, ILLINOIS

ARLENE DICKENSON

ΦКП

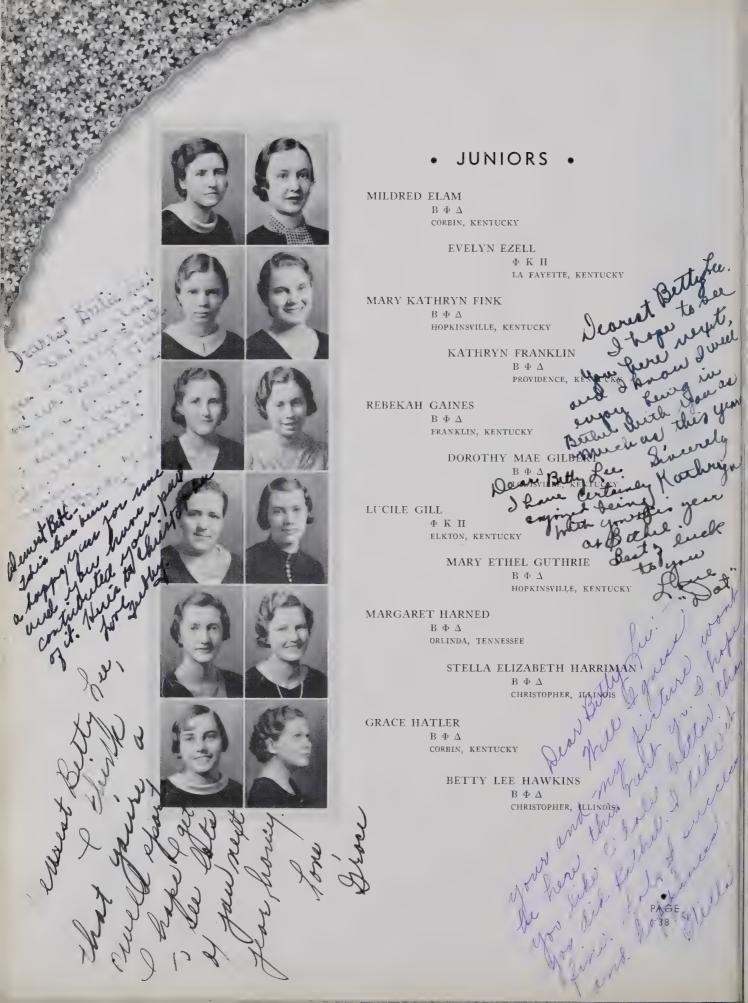
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

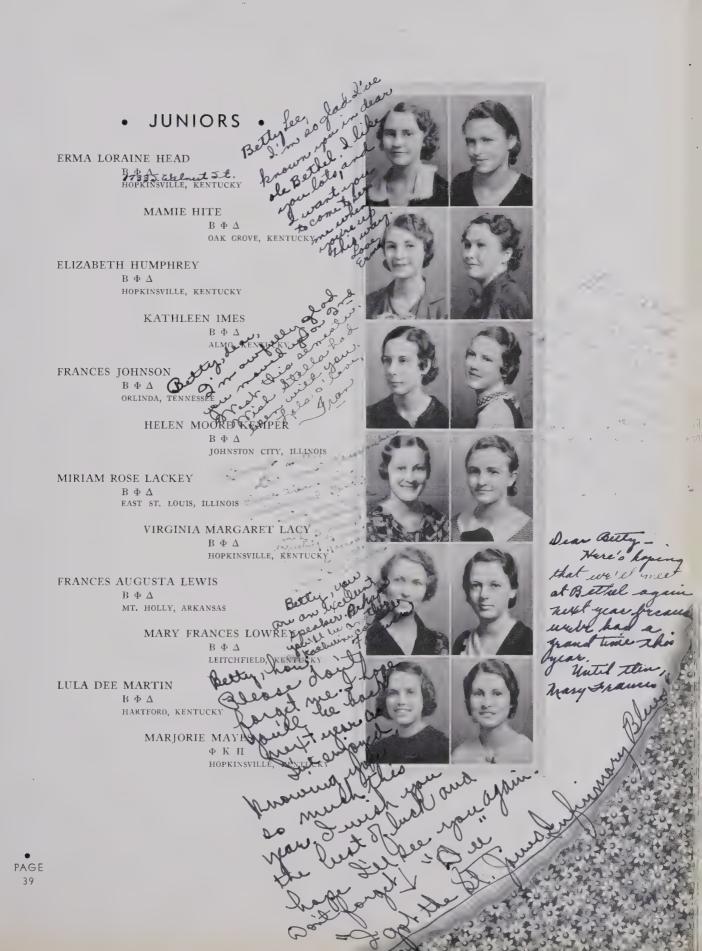
VIRGINIA DUVALL

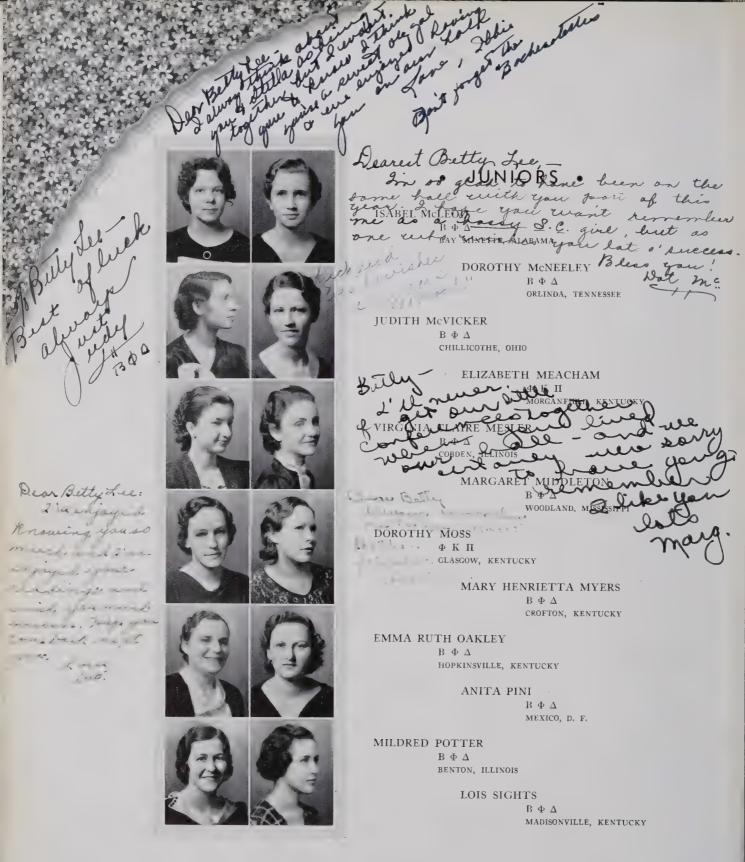
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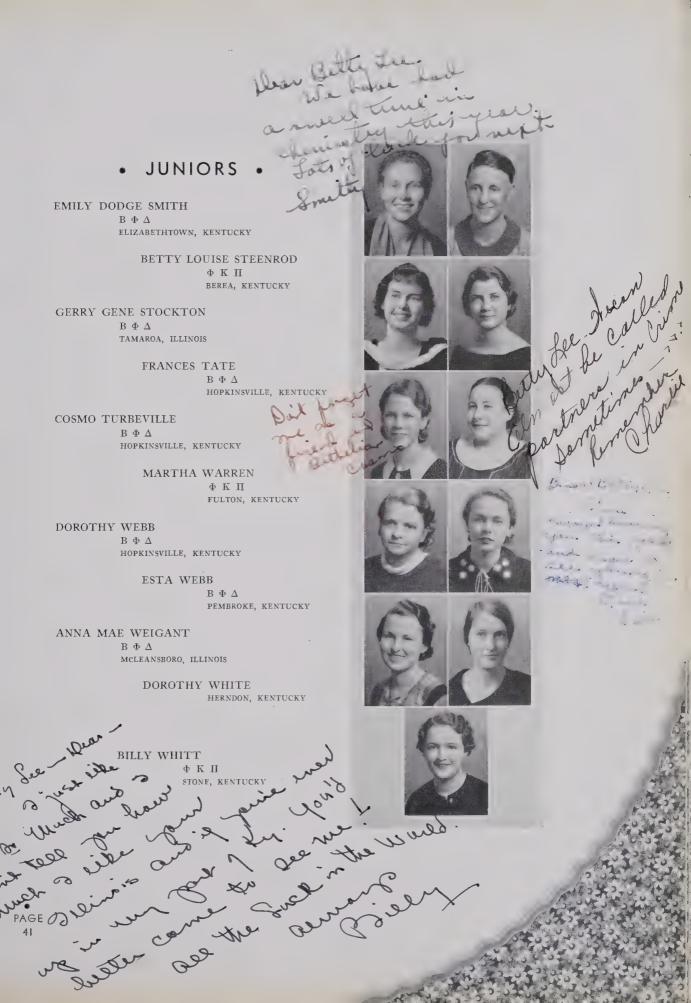
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY











THE **ACADEMY**

GEORGIA WITHINGTON President

> Edna Amis Secretary

Miss Thomas Sponsor

ED NELSON, Mascot



WITHINGTON Amis

CARMACK CUNNINGHAM CUSHMAN DAMRON

Edna Amis ESTHER CARMACK WILMA CUNNINGHAM KATHERINE CUSHMAN GLENDORA DAMRON

ELEANOR DAVIS CECIL DITTO Betty Dodson MARGARET DODSON BETTY LEE

DOROTHY MOSLEY HELEN PENNELL ESTHERMAE SCHACHT MARY GLENN SISK GEORGIA WITHINGTON



MISS THOMAS AND ED Sponsor and Mascot

"She was the soul of cheer and encouragement as she stood there behind the happy-go-lucky baby, who had inherited a sunshing temper and a lively spirit."



Davis Ditto Dodson, B. Dodson, M.

LEE Mosley PENNELL SCHACHT Sisk

Bettlem Baby Do

THE ACADEMY

We're lucky, plucky, daring and gay.

For us, life moves in the smoothest way.

We dream, we wish, we love and scheme

And study the least, it does seem.

One's slender, tall, with charm and poise, And seldom makes lot of noise.

Her friend is chubby, cute and clever With a giggle that couldn't be better.

Another talks and says too much, Her hair has that artistic touch.

Now, for one that she likes best, She laughs and jokes with all the rest.

They have a name we all know They both enjoy a very good show.

She's the youngest of the crowd, But she's not so terribly loud.

Striking and slender this girls is And at art she is a whiz.

Typing is her essential art; In all else she's very smart.

In Latin and French she does excel, And she certainly dresses well.

She has an individual drawl; She's slim, attractive, and tall.

At tapping and singing she's very good. She always does just what she should.

She's tiny, red-headed and shy, And has eyes as blue as the sky.

She has a pleasant, winning smile, And her clothes have plenty of style.

Fourteen now are numbered here No longer must you lend your ear. We've come to the end of our little rhyme, And hope we've pleased you for this time.

DOROTHY MOSLEY.

"Frank, sitting just behind the little girls, heard what they were saying—'My sister Beth is a very fastidious girl, when she likes to be.' She meant 'fascinating,' but as Grace didn't know the exact meaning of either word, 'fastidious' sounded well, and made a good impression."



ELM TREES

O slender trees that stand so tall and straight,

Your silhouettes blackshadowed 'gainst the skies,

Your arms outstretched as if to clasp a mate, Yet independent of all

human ties, God grant that you whose mighty bulk defies

The storms and winds

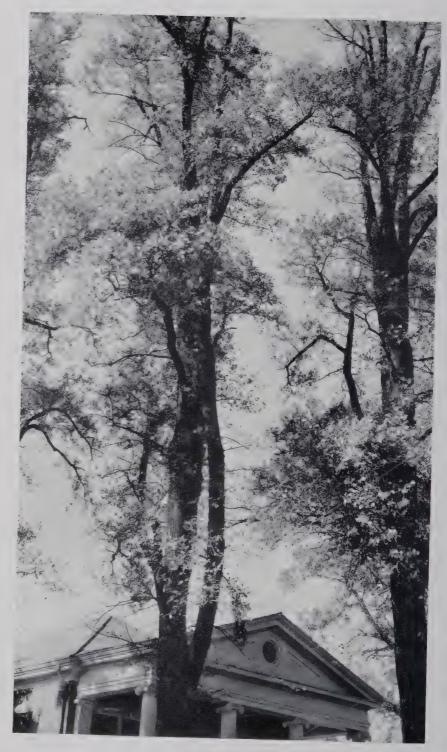
and rains of seasons bold,

May never be unknown unto mine eyes.

But looking up let me your strength behold

That I may grow more tall and straight and strong in soul.

-Elizabeth Steele Hopson, '33.



Introducing THE • ACTIVITIES



"Much elated with her success, Jo did 'tell on,' all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters



Varied Activities of the Little Women





STUDENT COUNCIL

MARIE ESTE	S
MARY	WATKINS BROCK
	MARION BROWN President of Main Hall and Secretary
	MILDRED HOWARD President of East Hall
	Miss Huddleston

MEMBERS

NANCY GREGORY OPHA HERD DOROTHY MCNEELEY DOROTHY Moss

DESSARINE PASCHAL

The Student Council is the leading organization of the student government system. Marie Estes, competent leader of the Council, has worthily fulfilled the honor bestowed upon her by the college in her firm guidance of her colleagues throughout the year. Indeed, so successfully and wisely has the Student Council operated for the past year that at the close of its administration, it proudly presents to Bethel a firmer, more substantial foundation for student government.

"For their faith in the good spot which exists in the naughtiest, sauciest, most tantalizing outlaw gave them patience, skill, and, in time, success; for no mortal could hold out long with student council members smiling on her benevolently as the sun, and Proctors forgiving her seventy times seven."



BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

MARY LOUISE STREET
MARY WATKINS BROCK
MIRIAM ROSE LACKEY Second Vice-President
Mary Downs Hocker Third Vice-President
Anna Mae Weigant Secretary-Treasurer
EMILY SMITH Sunday School Representative
MARGARET MIDDLETON
Marilyn Christian, Y. W. A. Representative
WILMA BLAGG Life Service Band Representative
Miss Monroe

The specific purpose of the Baptist Student Union is to develop spirituality on the campus, to enhance Christian love and fellowship among students. In so doing, it gives its firm support and aid to the Y. W. A., the B. Y. P. U., the Life Service Band and the Sunday School. In truth, under the auspices of the B. S. U. all the religious activities have their being and thrive.

"They believed that their own feet would walk more uprightly along the flowery path before them, if they smoothed rough ways for other feet, and feeling that their hearts were more closely knit together by a love which could tenderly remember those less blest than they."



Y. W. A. CABINET

MARILYN CHRISTIAN
SIDNEY CHAPPELL
Dessarine Paschal Second Vice-President
RUTH CARR WILLIAMS Third Vice-President
DOROTHY GILBERT
OPHA HERD
LULA DEE MARTIN
Dorothy McNeeley
Miss Monroe Sponsor

CIRCLE LEADERS

ELEANOR ANDERSON ALMEDA HUDDLESTON
FRANCES LEWIS DOROTHY MOSS

The Y. W. A. plays a leading role in Bethel's religious life. It exists on the campus to unite young women with this great missionary program in operation the world over. Our 1933 Y. W. A. has met with such ever-increasing success during the past year that we have reached a membership of a hundred. The material results of the auxiliary can be told in round numbers, but such a device cannot begin to express its benefits to the student body. Through the work in the Y. W. A., the work of love and sympathy, the girls are brought closer together—and many good things are wrought.

"'That's loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it,' said Meg; and I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry girls who gave away their breakfasts on Christmas morning."



LIFE SERVICE BAND

WILMA BLAGG				٠			President
Mary Catherine Kennady					٠.		Vice-President
Alma Blagg						. Sec	retary-Treasurer
Miss Monroe	٠	٠					. Sponsor

MEMBERS

MARY WATKINS BROCK WILMA CUNNINGHAM
DOROTHY GILBERT MIRIAM ROSE LACKEY
ISABELLA MOORE

Those who have dedicated their lives to a definite service for the Master have banded themselves together for the purpose of furthering their common interest. The organization, while affording definite training for religious work, gives the girls opportunity for spiritual expansion and inspiration through their associations with each other. This same organization is the Life Service Band, and its spiritual influence so prevails throughout the campus that somebody has said, "Bethel is better because of it."

"Why should we complain when we have merely done our duty, and will surely be happier for it in the end? The more we love and trust Him, the nearer we feel to Him, and the less we depend on human power and wisdom."

THE GLEE CLUB

Directed by

Miss Bertha Seifert







may

ALLEN BOWNE CHAPPELL ANDERSON Brown, M. CLARKE Browning, J. A. ATKINS Connaway BARNETT Browning, K. Crow BECKWITH Вкоск CULLEN BOLL CAHILL CUNNINGHAM DAMERON GILBERT

DAMERON GILBERT
DAMRON HART
DAVIS ESTES
DITTO HERD, O.
FRANKLIN HERD, S.

THE GERMAN VILLAGE BAND

Here are the simple peasant folk
Come all around to dance on the green;
Music right merrily
Livens the colorful scene.
Lads all bedecked in grandest style,
Each lassie's main attraction, a smile,
Papas and mamas hop around
Young once again.

Chorus:

When on Sunday evening the village band plays Hi diddle diddle, di diddle, dum dum! Hearts of all the lassies feel love right away. Hi diddle diddle, di diddle diddle, dum dum! Every living creature who hears the catchy strain Joins the lively rhythm with might and with main When on Sunday evening the village band plays Hey diddle diddle, di diddle diddle, dum, yo hey!



McVicker LAMB HOCKER Lowrey MIDDLETON HUDDLESTON Mosley MARTIN, L. D. IMES OVERSHINER JOHNSON MAYES KEMPER McLEOD PASCHAL PENNELL KEYS McNeeley

POTTER WALTON
SIGHTS WARREN
SMITHSON WEIGANT
STREET WHITT
WALSH WILLIAMS

GLEE CLUB ACTIVITIES

During the season 1933-1934, the newly organized Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Bertha Seifert, presented its first program at the college. Other performances included programs at the local churches and clubs. The chorus also sang with great success in Madisonville, Henderson, Providence, Clarksville, and Louisville.

As an incentive toward better artistry, Miss Seifert arranged a series of visits to Nashville to hear such masters perform as Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Pons, Paderewski, Don Cossacks, Iturbi, Dusseau, Richard B. Harrison in *Green Pastures*, and Katherine Cornell in *Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

"Meg had a voice like a flute, and she and her mother led the little choir. Amy chirped like a cricket, and Jo wandered through the airs at her own sweet will."

1933 - 1934

PROGRAM

Processional Cesar Franck

Serenade from Les Millions D'Arlequin

Hark! Hark! the Lark . Franz Schubert 1797-1828

The Swan Camille Saint-Saens
1835-1921

Fledermaus Waltzes . . . Johann Strauss
1825-1899



ORCHESTRA

MISS HAWKINS, Director

Violins-

SUE ALLEN

MARY ALICE LAMB

Louise Jones

Lois Sights

CONNIE REED

MARTHA CLUTTS

MISS ELSIE BROWN

MARY DOWNS HOCKER

ALMA BLAGG

Cornet-

MIRIAM LACKEY

Cello-

WILMA BLAGG

Flutes-

LULA D. MARTIN

WILMA TAYLOR

Saxophones-

JAMIE ARNOLD BROWNING

MILDRED MARTIN

RUTH WILLIAMS

Piano-

FRANCES LEWIS

Drums-

KATHLEEN BROWNING

In addition to the regular programs presented by the orchestra in chapels, clubs, and churches, the annual recital showed the members to be able musicians. The "Aida March" from Verdi and "Valse des Fleurs," from *Nut Cracker Suite* by Tschaikowsky showed marked ability. The grand climax of the year's work was the "Concerto No. XI," by Beriot, which number revealed the unusual talent of Miss Sue Allen. The attainments of the orchestra are due to the forceful leadership of their director, Miss Minnie Hawkins.

"'After we'd seen as much of the world as we want to, we'd like to settle in Germany, and have just as much music as we choose. We're to be famous musicians ourselves, and all creation is to rush to hear us; and we're never to be bothered about money or business, but just enjoy ourselves and live for what we like."



THE PEDAGOGUES

EMILY CLARK							President
ESTHER CROW							Secretary
BETTY CAMPBELL	;					٠	Treasurer
Miss Grimes .			,				. Sponsor

MEMBERS

MARION BROWN	MILDRED MARTIN
WILMA BLAGG	Mrs. Powell
VIRGINIA CALDWELL	WILMA TAYLOR
BILLY-BELLE HART	MARY WALSH
HAZEL KEMPER	. FRANCES WORD

This Club, known to the elite as "The Pedagogues," is commonly called the "Teachers' Club" by the general run of Bethel students. The members consist of "T.T" seniors, who regularly board the old Buick and travel sandwich-style out to Sinking Fork School and practice-teach a while, under the ever-watchful eye of Miss Rosa Nourse, the critic-teacher. Besides giving their most enthusiastic teaching ability, the members have sponsored the collection of books for the Sinking Fork library. The Beta Phi Delta sorority gave its play, "Fashion" out at the school, the proceeds being donated to the library.

"I think you would like teaching as I do if you had Laurie for a pupil. I shall be very sorry to lose him next year."



DRAMATICS

"FASHION"

Ogden Mowatt. The Beta Phi Delta sorority gave its audience amusing glimpses of "Life in New York."



THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE"

Rachel Lyman Field wrote, No and the Bethel Theatre presented, this fantasy that would have been delightful if real.



"THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT"

"A terribly exciting affair," written by A. A. Milne, and presented by the Bethel Theatre.

"'Do it this way; clasp your hands so, and stagger across the room, crying frantically, "Roderigo! save me! save me!"' And away went Jo, with a melodramatic scream that was truly thrilling."

DRAMATICS

"HEART TROUBLE"

A domestic comedy, not nearly so serious as it sounds! Howard Cheney wrote it, and Phi Kappa Pi presented it.

"THE ROMANTIC AGE"

A. A. Milne's romantic comedy suited to romantic people such as the Seniors who presented it!

"HANSEL AND GRETEL"

The Bethel Theatre group achieved delightful results with Tony Sarg's adaptation of this folk tale to a marionette play.



"Amy's 'Ow!' was more suggestive of pins being run into her than of fear and anguish. Jo gave a despairing groan, and Meg laughed outright, while Beth let her bread burn as she watched the fun with interest."



BETA PHI DELTA

Winifred Keys

President

RUTH WILLIAMS
Vice-President

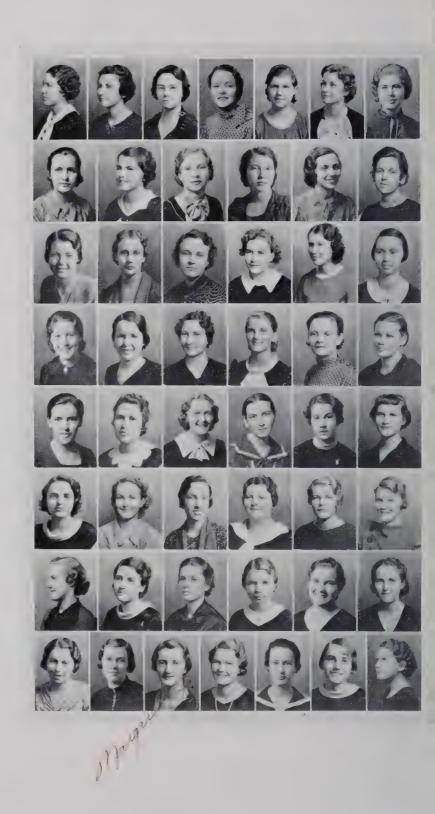
MARY W. BROCK
Secretary

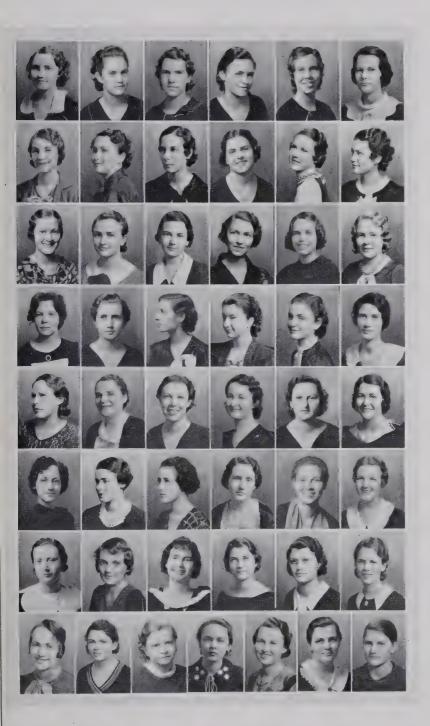
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Miss Hawkins
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Anderson	CUNNINGHAM
ATKINS	Cushman
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BLAGG, W.	DAVIS
Boll	DIETRICH
Brown, H.	Ditto
Brown, M.	Dodson, B.
	Dodson, M.
Browning, K.	ELAM
BRYANT	ESTES
CAHILL	FINK
CALDWELL	FRANKLIN
CARMACK	GAINES
CARTER	GILBERT
CHAPPELL	GUTHRIE
CHRISTIAN	HARNED
CLARK, E.	HARRIMAN
CLARKE, M.	HART
CLAYBROOKE	HATLER
	HAWKINS
Connaway	LIAWKINS

Crow





HEAD MYERS HERD, O. OAKLEY HERD, S. Overshiner PASCHAL HITE Hocker PINI POTTER HUDDLESTON HUMPHREY REED SCHACHT IMES SIGHTS JOHNSON Sisk KEMPER KEMPER SMITH KENNADY SMITHSON LACKY STANLEY LACY STEWART LEE STOCKTON Lewis TATE TAYLOR Lowrey TURBEVILLE MARTIN, L. MARTIN, M. WALSH WARREN McLEOD WEBB, D. McNeeley WEBB, E. McVicker WEIGANT MESLER WILSON MIDDLETON MOORE Word

"After dinner came the club-meeting, which was a lively one, for Jo was in a gay mood that night, and the revelry of the members kept her eyes dancing with merriment."

PAGE



PHI KAPPA PI

OFFICERS

LUCILLE HARVEY	٠			٠		٠		٠	President
GEORGIA WITHINGTON							٠		Vice-President
HESTER HAYDON					٠				Secretary
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MISS GRATIOT .									. Sponsor

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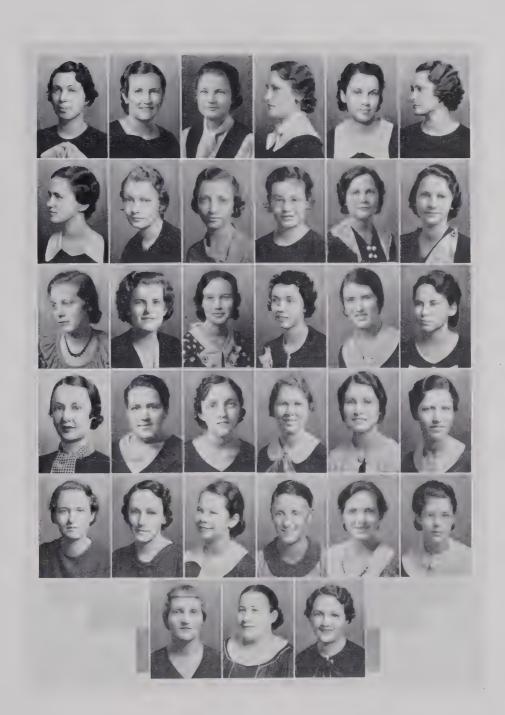
Edna Amis	DOROTHY CAMP	VIRGINIA DUVALL
MITCH BARNETT	BETTY CAMPBELL	EVELYN EZELL
JANE BECKWITH	MARTHA CLUTTS	LUCILE GILL
MARIE BEEBE	GENEVA CROFT	MILDRED HOWARD
Anna D. Bowne	RUTH DAMERON	NINA MARTIN
Anne Broadbent	Arlene Dickenson	MARJORIE MAYES

ELIZABETH MEACHAM	ELIZABETH STITES
DOROTHY MOSLEY	MARY LOUISE STREET
DOROTHY Moss	LOUISE WALTON
HELEN PENNELL	MARTHA WARREN
BETTY STEENROD	BILLY WHITT

Colors: Green and Gold

Flower: Green and Gold Tea Rose

"What good times they had, to be sure! Such plays and tableaux, such pleasant evenings in the old parlor, and now and then such gay little parties at the great house."





SIGMO KOCH

OFFICERS

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MILDRED POTTER							Vice-President
LUCILLE GILL							Secretary
Miss Nowlan				,			. Sponsor

MEMBERS

		WIEMBERS		
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Anderson		CROFT		HUDDLESTON
ATKINS		Crowder		IMES
BARNETT		Fink		JEFFRIES
Вескиітн		FRANKLIN		KEMPER, HAZE
BLAGG		GREGORY		KEMPER, HELE
BOWNE		GUTHRIE		LACY
Вкоск		HARNED		Lowrey
Brown		HARVEY		MARTIN
BRYANT		HATLER		Меаснам
CAHILL		HAWKINS		MIDDLETON
CHAPPELL		HEAD		MYERS
	McLeod		TAYLOR	
	McVicker		TURBERVILLE	
	PINI		WARREN, I. M.	

POWELL WARREN, M.
SMITH WEBB
STEENROD WHITE
TATE WILSON

Sigmo Koch is a society made up of chemistry students and is under the supervision of Miss Nowlan. This organization has taken several interesting field trips which have proved beneficial in the study of every-day chemistry. Aside from the usual club routine, the social activities enjoyed by the members have been numerous. The tea was an outstanding event of the spring season; and during the latter part of Book Week, Sigmo Koch entertained the student body and faculty.

"They labored under the Germanic delusion that babies could digest anything, from pickled cabbage to buttons, nails, and their own small shoes."







ACROSS THE CAMPUS

"Every shadowy nook, where seats invited one to stop and rest, was a mass of foliage."

Introducing THE • ATHLETICS

"No one taught her to ride; she used to practice mounting, holding the reins, and sitting straight in an old saddle in a tree."



Amy Astride Her First Steed »



Bethel Songs

ALMA MATER

Praise the name of dear old Bethel, Let your voices ring! Praise the name of dear old Bethel, To her we'll gladly sing. O'er the land of old Kentucky Waves the Gold and Blue. To our dear old Alma Mater Our hearts are ever true.

HAIL TO ALMA MATER

Hail to Alma Mater,
The Gold and the Blue,
To the things she stands for,
All that's good and true!
Blue for truth and honor,
Gold for purity,
Hail to dear old Bethel
For we love thee.

WHEN THOSE BETHEL GIRLS ALL FALL IN LINE

Oh, when those Bethel girls all fall in line, We'll march around the town another time, With a teacher in front and one behind, And the people all stare as we go marching by. We're really not a circus come to town Although we look like one as we parade around, We're just the girls from B. W. C., B. W. C. in ole Hoptown.

B. W. C.

B. W. C., where everything is gay, Lots of fun throughout the livelong day, Parties, swimming, tennis, hiking, too. We make friendships true, Yes, indeed we do. So come along with us. And join the jolly maids; Put on your smile, And never let it fade, Be a good sport, Learn to play the game, At dear old B. W. C.

IN BETHEL'S HALLS

In Bethel's halls the light of friendship always gleams,
And keeps us steadfast on our way.
It stirs our hearts with loyalty to you, Bethel,
And keeps us true from day to day.

CHORUS We're for Bethel, Alma Mater dear, She is to us the best of all.

Blue and Gold the colors that we wear, Oh, may these colors never fall. We'll fight for you, Bethel, We'll win for you, Joyously we the chorus swell. We can ne'er forget we have a debt. To pay to our dear Bethel.

B. B. B.

B-B-B, B-E-T-H-E-L, B-B-B, for Bethel give a yell! And let her colors stand, The finest in the land And give a cheer for B. W. C. Rah! Rah!

OH, BETHEL, WE LOVE YOU!

Oh, Bethel, we love you! We'll always be true to The colors we honor, The Gold and the Blue. Thy banner shall wave o'er The halls we adore. So dear old Bethel, Our old Bethel, Here's to you!



MISS GATES

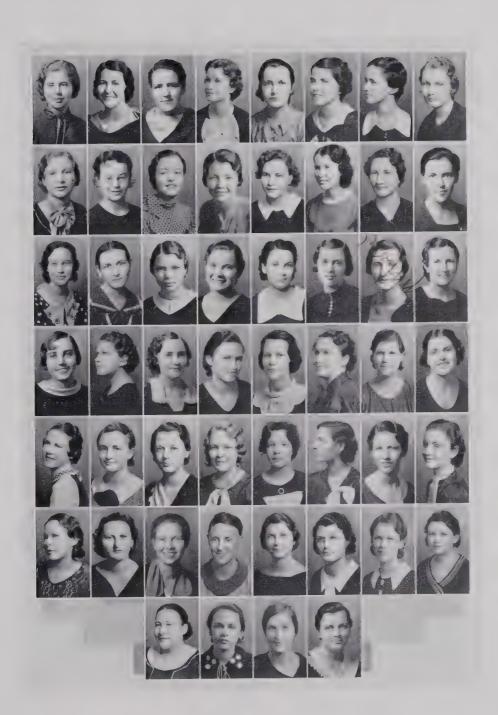
It is rather a futile undertaking to describe in so little space just what Miss Gates means to the girls in Bethel. In the class-room and on the campus, she plays and teaches the game of sportsmanship so thoroughly that she has won not only the admiration of her pupils, but the love of every girl in the college. Although small in stature, she has a personality that draws and binds one to her. Girls, unacquainted with athletics, find a new prowess under her training, and trained athletes improve under her guidance. She is endowed with wit and humor, a love of fun and jollity, a perfect technique and form in games, and an instinctive power to bring out the best in everybody. One can readily see how she is the perfect comrade on all outings, a splendid player in any game, a superb leader of any sport. Miss Gates is the best of "Good Sports."

"She was never idle, but always walking, riding, boating, or crocheting in the most energetic manner, while all the girls admired everything she did, and followed her example as far and as fast as they could."

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"And finding the temptation irresistible, Jo darted away, soon leaving hat behind her, and scattering hairpins as she went."





TOWN STUDENTS' CLUB

Miss Gates Overshiner			NING, K	
ALBRITTON	Самр	Fink	Lamb	SMITHSON
Baker	CAMPBELL	GUTHRIE	Martin, N.	TATE
Вееве	CLARK, E.	HEAD	MAYES	TURBEVILLE
Browning, J. A.	CROFT	Ніте	OAKLEY	Webb
Brown, H.	DICKENSON	Humphrey	PARDUE	WELBORN
BRYANT	EZELL	LACY	POWELL	WHITE

[&]quot;No one ever regretted the admittance of the Town Girls, for more devoted, well-behaved and jovial members no school could have."



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

Mary Frances Lowrey , Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. Street , Sponsor

MEMBERS

ROBERTA ATKINS
JANE BECKWITH
LUCILLE HARVEY

KATHRYN JEFFRIES EMILY SMITH

JERRY GENE STOCKTON IDA MAE WARREN NANCY WILSON

"As for buttons, she soon learned to wonder where they went, to shake her head over the carelessness of men, and to threaten to make him sew them on himself, and then see if his work would stand impatient tugs and clumsy fingers any better than hers."



KAPPA UPSILON

OFFICERS

Esther Crow .			0			۰										President
Virginia 1	Boll .			۰	٠		o									Secretary
Miss	s PARR	ISH	۰		0							٠		Si	bon	isor

MEMBERS

FINEZ BRYANT
BETTY CAMPBELL
OPHA HERD
EMILY CLARK
MARTHA M. CONNAWAY
DOROTHY V. CROWDER
BILLY-BELLE HART
OPHA HERD
ELIZABETH HUMPHREY
JUDITH MCVICKER

Anita Pini

The membership of Kappa Upsilon consists of seven seniors and seven juniors who have shown proficiency in the field of creative writing. Among the activities of the organization, the following are the most outstanding: The scenario for the annual May pageant, contributions to the Anthology of College Writing, compiled by Warren G. Bowers, of New York University, and entries in the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest.

"They did not think themselves geniuses by any means; but when the writing fit came on, they gave themselves up to it with entire abandon, and led blissful lives, unconscious of want, care, or bad weather, while they sat safe and happy in an imaginary world, full of friends almost as real and dear to them as any in the flesh."



PHI THETA KAPPA

OFFICERS

MILDRED HOWARD		 	President
DESSARINE PASCHAL		 <i>V</i>	ice-President
CAROLYN SMITHSON		 Sec	retary
EARLEEN STE	WART	 Treasurer	
KATHLEEN B	ROWNING .	 . Council Member	
Miss Leila	GRIMES	 Sponsor	

MEMBERS

SUE ALLEN
FINEZ BRYANT
BETTY CAMPBELL
ARLENE DICKENSON

MARIE ESTES MISS GAINES GRACE HATLER SHIRLEY HERD

MIRIAM LACKEY MILDRED MARTIN MISS SALLEE

As membership in the national honorary fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, signifies that the student stands among the highest of the university in scholarship, citizenship, and morals, so does membership in the junior-college equivalent, Phi Theta Kappa, denote that the girl is among the best of her classmates. As a prerequisite of entrance into the organization, the student must give proof that she will maintain an average of ninety per cent or more.

"My dear, do you think it wise to talk about such things to that baby? He's getting great bumps over his eyes, and learning to ask the most unanswerable questions."

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HERD, S.

HART

1934 SCROLL STAFF

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EMILY CLARK		 Literary	Editor
Esther Crow		 Feature	Editor
VIRGINIA BOLL	p- 4	 Art	Editor
GLENDORA DAMRON .		 Assistant Art	Editor

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VIRGINIA DUVALL Assistant Advertising I	Manager

The aim of the 1934 SCROLL staff has been to make this edition of the SCROLL a worthy memorandum of the spirit and campus-life of Bethel Woman's College. To further this aim, the staff in October sent three delegates to the annual convention of the National Scholastic Press Association at Chicago. As evidence of this organization's approval, the staff proudly displays its certificate of first-class honor rating.

"'We'd have a stable full of Arabian steeds, rooms piled with books, and we'd write out of magic ink stands. We want to write something heroic or wonderful, so that we won't be forgotten after we're dead. We're on the watch for it, and mean to astonish you all some day."

Hockey

Captain Ball and Golf



"They now played ball in the big field where the irritable 'cow with a crumpled horn' used to invite rash youths to come and be tossed."



ARCHERY

"Fred took aim, his arrow hit the target, and stopped an inch on the wrong side; Jo waited her turn patiently, and then with a clever shot, won the game."



RIDING

"Now she rides anything, for she doesn't know what fear is, and the stable-man lets her have horses cheap, because she trains them to carry ladies so well. She has such a passion for it, I often tell her if everything else fails she can be a horse-breaker, and get her living so!"



TENNIS

"They played exceedingly well, and contested every inch of ground as if the spirit of '76 inspired them."



SWIMMING

"For a minute Jo stood still, with a strange feeling at her heart; then she resolved to go on, but something held her and turned her round, just in time to see Amy throw up her hands and go down, with a sudden crash of rotten ice, a splash of water, and a cry that made Jo's heart stand still with fear."

ATHLETICS

One of the purposes of Bethel's training is to develop its girls physically. With that done, the spiritual, mental, and moral development are easier to attain. Bethel offers a program of various activities, in order that each girl might find at least one sport in which she desires to excel.

In weather favorable for play outside, one might find baseball teams opposing each other in good-natured rivalry. The relay race, in which speed determines the winner, is enjoyed on the campus, and, on rainy days, in the gym. With good asphalt courts to play on, the girls find tennis a delightful recreation after studious hours. Hockey is taught, and teams within the class contend each other's supremacy. Captain Ball has its advocates and is practiced indoors and out. A miniature golf-course is laid out back of the tennis courts. Here, many idle hours are gladly passed away.

All year round, the girls enjoy the indoor tiled swimming pool with its fresh, pure water. Very soon after school is started, the riding class is organized and thereafter rides twice a week, through the courtesy of National Guard, 123rd Cavalry. Archery, though started in the late summer, may continue through the term. Exactness of aim and coordination of form and skill are taught.

Each boarding student is required to take one hour of physical education which may be in the regular gym classes. A great deal of the athletic activities is carried on, however, under extra curricula. A sports class is formed for the express purpose of learning the rules and outlines of playing the universally accepted social games. From the above statements, one can see how a girl, of any type, can find her sport in Bethel.

Probably the most outstanding feature of the athletic program in Bethel is the tumbling team. Twice a week they assemble and, under Miss Gates' supervision, form pyramids, execute cart-wheels, head-stands, bear-walks, and all kinds of gymnastic stunts. The zenith of their career is their part in the May Day program, an established feature at Bethel. To the delight of the audience, the girls exhibit their excellent work for the public's eye.

The team of 1933-34, headed by Overshiner was composed of:

Amis Barnett Bowne Browning, J. Browning, K. Carter CHRISTIAN
CLAYBROOK
DUVALL
ESTES
FRANKLIN
GILL
KEMPER
LAMB
LOWERY
OVERSHINER

Pennell Mesler Schacht Steenrod Warren Withington



TUMBLING TEAM, 1934





THE GAZING GLOBE

"'Don't you wish you could take a look forward and see where we'll all be ten years from now?' . . . 'I think not, for I might see something sad; and everyone looks so happy now, I don't believe they could be much improved'."

Introducing THE • DIVERSIONS



"Mrs. Chester's fair was so very elegant and select that it was considered a great honor by the young ladies of the neighborhood to be invited to take a table, and everyone was much interested in the



The Belle of the Family





MAY QUEEN
WILMA TAYLOR

Wilma. Daylor-

"She was with truth considered the flower of the family, possessing that indescribable charm called grace. One saw it in the lines of her figure, the motion and make of her hands, the flow of her dress, the droop of her hair."



"MISS BETHEL" MARIE HARMAN ESTES

"... quite calm, delightfully cordial to everyone, and seeming to please without effort. Mother would admire her warm heart, Father her wise head. We admire both, and feel rich in our new friend."

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THE WEDDING

The Wedding of Old and New Girls is an annual Bethel custom which typifies the uniting of old and new students in true, loyal friendship.

MARIE HARMAN ESTES, Groom; GEORGIA WITHINGTON, DOROTHY CAMP, WINIFRED KEYS, DOROTHY McNEELEY, BILLIE BELLE HART, MARTHA CLUTTS.

"'I don't want a fashionable wedding, but only those about me whom I love, and to them I want to look and be my familiar self'."



never forget living

THE WEDDING

KATHLEEN IMES, Bride; MARY CLARKE, Best Man; MITCH BARNETT, Maid of Honor; MARY WATKINS BROCH, LOIS SIGHTS; HESTER HAYDON, Ring-bearer: HELEN KEMPER, Flower-girl.

"The bride looked very like a rose herself; for all that was best and sweetest in heart and soul seemed to bloom in her face that day, making it fair and tender, with a charm more beautiful than beauty."



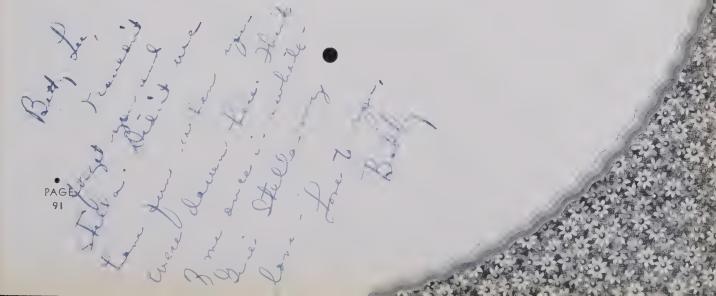
MEG WINIFRED KEYS

"Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters, who loved her very tenderly and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given."



JO MARY WATKINS BROCK

"..... if I put on crushed airs and tried to be dismal as you do, we should be in a nice state. Thank goodness, I can always find something funny to keep me up."





BETH ELEANOR ANDERSON

"That's an honor to be proud of, I'm sure! That comes of having big brown eyes and loving music."



AMY

JAMIE ARNOLD BROWNING

"She was a great favorite with her mates, possessing the happy art of pleasing without effort—her accomplishments were much admired for she could play twelve tunes, crochet, and read French without mispronouncing more than two-thirds of the words."



SALLIE MOFFAT NANCY GREGORY

"Sally, as usual, was spic and span in her stylish dress, the newest thing out."



LAURIE BONNIE DITTO

"There was color, light, and life in the boy's face now, vivacity in his manner, and genuine merriment in his laugh."



THE FOUNTAIN

"Every cool grotto had its marble nymph smiling from a veil of foliage, and every fountain reflected crimson, green, or yellow autumn leaves, leaning down to smile at their own beauty."

PICKWICK PAPERS

NEWLYWEDS HONORED AT RECEPTION

The annual Bethel groom (Marie Estes) and his charming bride (Kathleen Imes) were the guests of honor at a reception given by the bride's dear mother (Miss Bertha Seifert) immediately following the wedding ceremony. The de-lightful affair was held in the hostess' home, which was decorated with rice in profusion, pink crepe paper garlands, and rosebuds in black bowls.

The guests amused themselves first by viewing the wedding gifts, among which were a hundred-dollar piece of Wedgewood, a tie, some glittering jewels, a fish bowl, and one blue garter. The groom

got the tie.

Some time during the evening, Cupid (little Betty Steenrod) put in his appearance. Clad chiefly in safety pins and towels, he was at first confused with Ghandi, but then the best of people make mistakes.

Miss Louise Walton gave a tender reading which brought tears to all eyes and went something like this:

"Tonight we come to say with gifts That we are glad to give some lifts

To those who otherwise must spend A dime or so on china and tin.

Following this, Miss Jamie Arnold Browning sang "O Promise Me," and gave "Spring Is on the Wing" as an encore.

Later the guests ate. They had Coca Colas and hot dogs.

Then they went home talking about the bad behavior of two obstreperous children that were there for some reason, and about the clothes the feminine members of the assembly wore. It appears that the hostess carried a feather fan, The bride wore a pink and blue ensemble with matching d'Orsays. Her groom had on black with touches of red. The bride's mother was majestic in black lace, but the groom's mother was more majestic in black lace because she had mountains of snowy locks, too.

The guests worth mentioning were: a Western cousin, who lives on a ranch and looks it, an uncle who called the Chicago Palmer House his home, and the newlyweds' mothers who already have been

sized up.

If the fathers of the bride and groom were there, they stayed in the kitchen or somewhere. Perhaps they were at their offices earning more black lace.

It is said that following the reception the groom announced to the bride and their parents that he and his wife would take no wedding trip. He wished them-selves to be regarded as individual, he said. (Hadn't the minister just pro-nounced them one before everybody?) Dame Rumor has it (she always has something) that the bride's face revealed her opinion that there were more enjoy-able ways of proving their individuality than by dispensing with the honeymoon iourney.



THE STORY OF A BAG OF PEANUTS

Once upon a time some hungry Bethel girls bought a bag of nice, salty peanuts and lugged them home, along with such other necessities as note-cards and twin sweaters, ink and mouse-traps.

The poor peanuts were jammed into a sack of apples, and almost had their existence snuffed out on the perilous trip home. Once the girls dropped the bag, and some of the peanuts rolled out on the pavement, where the heartless girls aban-

doned them to their fate.

When, at last, the girls reached their room they deposited the peanut bag in the very center of a bright pink bedspread. A few minutes later, when their owners' backs were turned, some of the peanuts eased gently out of the sack, and, on the moment, found themselves in a terrifying position. Right between the feet of a huge elephant with a strangely wonderful pink and lavender splotched complexion! A pea-green dog all but barked from the pillow while on the nearby table were the "twenty froggies" in person. So college girls lived in menageries!

Despite their delicate situation the peanuts remained unmolested for a time. Before long, though, the girls remembered them, started to eat some, and then began

pitching them into the air, trying to catch them in their mouths. But no wonder! Girls who lived in menageries would naturally have beastly manners. They even practiced the disgraceful art before the mirror! The peanuts that fell on the floor took refuge in the dark corners under the bed and dresser.

A little later, in came another girl. And she had just been eating too much candy, she suggested trading the rest of her candy for the rest of the peanuts. The trade was made, and the new peanut possessor started back to her room, "vending" peanuts all along the hall on her way,

That night when some of her friends came in, she passed around the bag which had then shrunk to dwarf size. Peanuts strewed the floor, and many were ground under heel.

After a time a bell rang, and the visiting girls all left. Shortly afterwards, another bell rang; then the girls put out the light and went to bed.

But after a minute or so, one clambered out again, floundered across the floor, snatched the peanuts up from the table, carrying sack and all back to bed with her. Taking some peanuts, she tossed the sack with its few remaining nuts and its salty sediment across to her roommate in the opposite bed. But the bag falling short of its mark, peanuts skidded giddily across the floor in every direction.

The next day, one of the girls swept them up and scuttled them off to the trash can; the other picked up the bag, blew it up, and burst it with a loud smack.

I SHALL REMEMBER

Always I shall remember the valley As it is now while I stand on this Hill, by this storm-grayed post At twilight.

Yonder across the valley I hear the River gushing over its bed of clean sand, And the slush of it around the Drifted crags.

And there are the hills With long, gracious lines And the thousand leafless trees Ubon them

There are the blue heavens-God's lovely handiwork Imbedding the yellow stars and the moon Which He has given to me.

And only I am here By this gray post Of all creatures upon earth To see the beauty God has given To this small valley. REBECCA LESTER.

VIRGINIA CALDWELL.

MY LAST WILL

AND TESTAMENT

I, Esther Crow, being in my sane mind, do hereby give and bequeath all my earthly property, viz: to wit: namely:

To my father, I bequeath my fountain pen which I have had for four years, and which has his name printed on it. I think he purchased it for himself, but I so immediately afterward began to derive benefits therefrom that I am sure he has forgotten it was ever his. Also, in my sleep last night, I drew a gorgeous picture of an apple tree with a perfect limb close to the ground, and with a nice background behind. Because it is such a remarkable likeness, and because I can't tell anybody for private reasons why I drew it, I give it to dad, he being fond of trees, and we getting our meat and drink therefrom.

To my dear mother, I tenderly leave several things, such as the heirloom bracelet which she presented to me last summer. She has my permission to give it to my small sister, Evelyn, who is, after all, my mother's child the same as I am. I also give my mother the four new pairs of hose that she sent me last week. They are still good. I have had on only one pair of them; that was when I was in the play "Fashion." I had the role of a lady, and ladies must wear hose. They aren't hurt at all, for I squeezed and chugged them out in Lux that night. Also, the likeness that I am having made of me at the photographer's I wish my mother to distribute as she desires, keeping them all herself if she wishes or if they aren't any good.

To my cousin, Beatrice, I bequeath all my clothes, including the new formal which I get Christmas (if I get it); but she'd better take up the seams, because I have gained twenty pounds since I last visited her and wore her yellow suit which fitted me perfectly.

Next, my sister Evelyn shall be the receiver of several things, among which is my Missouri mule, named C. Alphonso Smith, which resembles her cat Bounce more than anything that I possess. I hope she will be pleased, C. Alphonso's collar being of a bright orange. Also, she may have my four handkerchiefs, her weakness being losing handkerchiefs the same as mine. Too, any little knick-knacks which the party of the first part may have overlooked herein shall go to her. She may have the other half of her bicycle, I having bought said half from her last summer for use then. I glady give it back to her.

I hope that my principles have been wisely distributed among

my family. If not, I hope all will be satisfied and not blame the dead. I forgive everybody and trust we may all meet when the trump shall sound. Amen.

I now set my seal and hand to this will and testament on this seventeenth day of December, Anni Domino 1933. (Two days before vacation.)

Postscript: I wish my roommate, Helen Pennell, to receive all the bobby pins left in our room, we both together barely having enough to turn up all our ends.

Also Esther Carmack is welcome to my bathing suit, for it has E. C. on the stomach, and won't fit anybody else's name.

Signed, ESTHER ESTELLE CROW.

Witnesses:

JANE ANN BECKWITH HELEN HILDA PENNELL

→ PERSONALS →

Hester Haydon believes firmly that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Almeda Huddleston is planning to raise turtles for her pocket change,

Those three estimable Pedagogues, Billy-Belle Hart, Mildred Martin, and Betty Campbell, are already in their second child-hood. They frolic with their training school pupils at every recess.

Dorothy Camp has an interest in the Seminole, we hear.

It is evident that Virginia Boll had a date with the barber during the Christmas holidays. Jo, why did you crop your mane?

Billy-Belle Hart writes regularly to the Devil. A very handsome one he is, too,

NOTICES

The regular meeting of the Bachelorettes' Club will be held immediately following the next open session to discuss curly hair, brown eyes, and peanut butter sandwiches. As nobody has invited the club to convene in her room, the girls will meet in the hall. (If you want anything to eat, bring it with you.)

Abner, Roberta Atkins' pet mouse, has not been seen for several days, and it is feared that he has met with foul play. Anybody seeing or hearing him will please inform Bud. You don't know what he means to her.

Classes will be held at all hours every day except Saturday and Sunday from January twenty-ninth till school is out. Think of it! Or don't if it pains you. Incidentally, it is a good idea to try to get something into the nutshell while there is such abundant opportunity this spring.



MAY PAGEANT





The Coronation of Elizabeth

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each year, Bethel presents on the campus a May pageant full of color and beauty. The production, written in Bethel's English department, and cast and directed by Miss Gates, is entirely a product of the college. The theme of event is a different one each year, and that of the festival of the past spring concerned the crowning of Elizabeth of England.

For hours a great throng of people had been gathering in the streets before the imposing dais where Elizabeth was coming to be crowned Queen of England. There was an atmosphere of hilarity and exuberance, for coronation days did not often occur in the Isles. Moreover, the new regent was said to be a Protestant, not an aggressive Catholic as her predecessor was.

Two trumpeters announced sonorously that the Queen was coming shortly; and the crowd's excitement heightened. Much merriment was furnished by Pickleherring, a ludicrously dressed clown; Diggory Huffledink, a gray-clad mole-catcher; and Clem Pennybright, a gardener busy with hoe and rake. Their antics provoked laughter from the spectators.

Then there arrived three astronomers, cloaked in black, with hurrying footsteps and serious faces. Obviously they were afraid of being late for the great event. One of them was Doctor Dee, Elizabeth's favorite professor of the occult science, who chose this sunny day for her coronation. He wore nose-glasses and an air of vast conceit. The three waited impatiently for the beginning of the ceremonies.

A blast from the trumpeters' instruments announced the immediate arrival of the Queen (Jeanne Webster). All became very quiet, for the royal procession was in sight.

First, there came twelve lords and ladies of high rank, in rich and gorgeous apparel. They walked with stately tread, nothing loath to be stared at by an admiring crowd.

Then in succession there arrived the important Lord Mayor of London, the Lord High Constable, and the dapper ambas-

sadors of Venice and France. Last in the group was Lord Burleigh, the Queen's advisor, acting as special escort to the dignitaries of state. All these personages were shown their seats by obsequious pages and the Master of Revels.

Next in line strode the pompous Cardinal, to whom peasants all knelt in due reverence. He, too, was led up to a place of prominence, from which he watched the actual arrival of the royal procession. It was led by a stalwart standard-bearer and the Queen's favorites: Earl of Leicester, who cast his gage for the Queen's honor; Walter Raleigh, whose red cloak made history; and Colley Cibber, whom everyone knew as poet-laureate of the court.

At last, to the joy of all, the Yeomen of the Battle Axe and the Yeomen of the Guard set down the litter, and out stepped the gracious Elizabeth. She proceeded to the solemn ceremony of her coronation, and was loudly acclaimed. With regal mein she acknowledged her subjects' varied efforts to entertain her on this, the day of her ascension.

Yuletide Nostalgia

Christmas is coming! (How can I wait?)
I want to go home to see the big gate
That Father's made down on the farm,
To keep the dear beasties quite safe from all harm.
I want to go home and help mother bake
Cookies and turkeys and yellow pound cake,
To crack hick'ry nuts and walnuts for fillin';
For once in my life ma'll find me quite willin'.
To get all this done I'll work with a will,
For I want to go out to the old pasture hill,
There, to fill the whole house, I'll get cedar and pine
And cattails and berries and bittersweet vine.
Oh, how I do hate to be digging away
At theorems and themes throughout the long day
When just'round the corner dear Santa is coming.
Oh, hurry, days, hurry! For I must be homing.
Anne Broadbent.

PICKWICK PAPERS

An Informal Publication of the "Little Women" of Bethel College

EDITORIAL

The theme of the SCROLL for 1933-1934 being Louisa Alcott's famous novel, "Little Women," we thought it fitting to incorporate in our annual an informal literary organ resembling the weekly publication of the March girls' Pickwick Club. We even call our mock newspaper "The Pickwick Portfolio" because we love and admire Charles Dickens as much as Jo and her companions did. Moreover, the content of this paper established by the Bethel "little women" is much the same as that of the club publication issued by the original "little women." We have sought to fill our pages with "original tales, poetry, local news, funny advertisements, and hints," all of which we hope will remind you of happy days at Bethel Woman's College.

Naturally we were not able to include in our brief space all the meritorious literary efforts that were produced in the college this year. We have endeavored, however, to reprint accounts that are truly representative of life in a girls' college in Kentucky. We trust that in the resulting section there is something that will appeal to every Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy March and Theodore Laurence who chances to read these columns.

JO AT BETHEL

Dear Marmee and Amy:

As this is to be a scribble-scrabble letter, I directed it to you, too, Amy, dear. It may also be rather disconnected (that's how my life has been lately), but I hope that it will give you some idea of my goings-on since I came to Bethel,

Last Saturday afternoon was a riotous time! Our Bachelorettes Club held its weekly meeting; and though it isn't nearly so much fun as our Pickwick Club at home, I enjoyed being with the girls. Week-ends are carefree times here: there are no classes! At this particular club session I failed to take active part in the business which was the chief occupation of the houreating. I was content to stretch out on a couch and thus rest my wounded head. I looked very dignified in my bandages and very un-Joish. Now don't be alarmed, Marmee, dear. I had only a slight headache resulting from an experience in history class the day before. Shall I tell you about it?

I was nibbling thoughtfully on a pencil stub-such activity usually inspires me, you know, and I was trying to compose a creditable poem to hand in to Miss Parrish-when suddenly several bits of unpleasantly hard material bumped my head. I thought, "Chicken Little, the sky is falling!" It was, however, only some ceiling plaster which took the opportunity to reprimand me for inattention to matters of history. The commotion must have occurred during a discussion of the outbreak of the War of 1812, for the ensuing scramble sounded very much like

the din of battle.

Marmee, please take note of the astonishing neatness of this letter. I have been practicing on ruled paper for two weeks now. My English instructor kindly suggested this method of

improvement to me.

Fiddlesticks! I was about to forget to tell you about the lively time that I spent in the Dean's office last Monday. The night before a group of us girls undertook to cure a certain student of a bad habit. She persisted in using high-flown words and erudite phrases that she found in stuffy old books. I know that it was dreadfully naughty of me to assist in the ducking we gave her in the swimming pool, but I was authorized to turn out the lights to give our crime a more proper setting. I stood, with tightly closed eyes, pushing on the light button for dear life, when out of the clamor of voices somebody addressed

HEROINES, ROMANTIC AND **MODERN**

What an apparently bewildering task, that of comparing and contrasting the heroines of the yellowed pages of the past with those of this modern age! Yet, after a careful analysis of the problem, I find firm conclusions forming in my mind. Immediately my imagination pictures an exquisitely beautiful maiden robed in luxurious velvet the hue of the fading twilight sky, kneeling before a casement window in her chamber. It is the Eve of St. Agnes, and she prays that she will dream of her lover and that soon he will come to woo her.

Gone like a flash is this vision, and in its place comes the vivid figure of the modern girl. Few conventionalisms confine her procedures in winning her man. Superstitions have no part

in her game of love.

But in spite of the veneer of sophistication which our present-day heroine sometimes slips on with her Shiaparelli gowns, there remains, beneath the blasé exterior, the same femininity which was the main attraction of the maids of romantic court life. Miss Today is as changeable in her personality as in her moods and frocks. We hear and see on all sides evidences of a return to feminism and charm. Gone is the play-hard gal of the past decade! In her path treads an attractive, vivacious, yet lovely young woman who may ride like the wind over fences and moats in the morning, but who looks all the world like the Lady of Shallot or Madeline when she glances at you across the tea table. She knows her limits and her possibilities, and most especially does she realize her ability to employ her charm.

No longer is it the fashion to pine and die after an unrequited love. Instead, the versatile young woman joins the Junior League, a bridge club, a literary club, or perhaps enters into

a business career.

Imagine presenting Miss Today to Miss Yesterday! What would be the impressions of each? Certainly the appearance of today's representative would be distinctly startling to that product of the Romantic Age. Probably after making acquaintance, the two would discover many subtleties they possess in com-mon, each using them in her individual way. Where the mediaeval maiden would not possess or comprehend the sophistication of our girl, neither would our daughter of the modern day be content with naive gentleness for the mainstay of her per-

Personally, I most admire today's heroine. She possesses an alert mind, an admirable body, a healthy soul, and a combination of humor, honor, and charm to make for the happy ending that I visualize for her.

MARY CLARK.

He and She

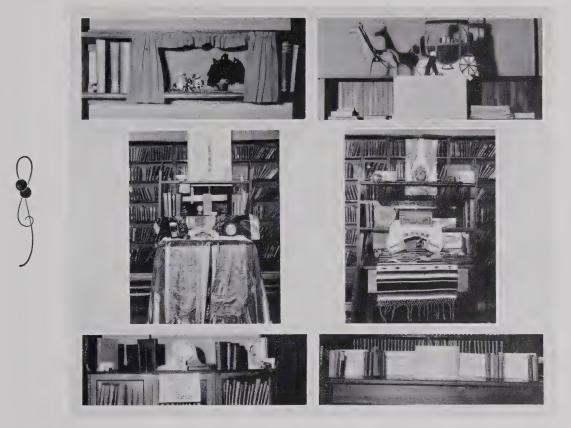
The moon hung low in the velvet sky, And the stars peeped out from above, As they strolled along in the moonlight-These two in the grip of love. He was to keep her from all harm
As they walked life's pathway drear; Nothing of harm could come to her For always he would be near. Ah! now they have seated themselves On a huge, round oaken log, And the head in her lap she gently strokes, This beautiful girl with her dog. ZETTA CAHILL.

me in a tone strangely like the Dean's. I turned on the light as I was told, opened my eyes, and there I stood, and-Christopher Columbus! -there she stood! I seem always to be getting into scrapes.

I am so fond of writing that I should go spinning on forever if textbooks didn't demand a good part of my time. Anyway, my trivial news must sound flat to Amy, who is familiar with all sorts of social splendors.

I send heaps of love to everybody. Bless you all!

Jo. Mary C. Kennady.



BOOK WEEK DISPLAYS

A Visit With The Modern Marches

I had run across the street to the March home to help Meg get supper for the family. Certainly she needed help, for the four girls are always healthily hungry. Poor Meg! Since the depression came along her mother had to fire the cook, and she has had all the housework to do. Marmee felt that she must keep her job downtown, and that the younger girls must go on with their school work. Meg, who is wearing a diamond these days, says she doesn't mind the work because it is good training for a girl who is going to run her own home pretty soon. Her wedding will be sometime in the early future, I am sure; and already Jo has a clever write-up of it to send to the society column.

On this particular night, Meg and I were rushing about like two cyclones. Meg had on a spotless print, and looked so adorable that I wished John were there to see her.

"Get those pickles out of the cupboard," she called to me from the dining room. "I know I'm late in fixing supper, but I had to send to town for more eggs. Jo sat on the ones Amy got yesterday."

We heard the front door close with a bang, and rapid footsteps which we knew belonged to golden-haired Amy approached the kitchen. She was excited.

"Girls, Alice Brody is giving a party tonight, and Harry asked me to go with him. I'm thrilled! Meg, dearest, won't you let me wear your blue crepe?"

"Of course, you dear little gad-about. I suppose it is still in your closet. I haven't worn it since you wore it last time."

"Thanks a lot. My green taffeta has Coca-Cola spilled all over it, and anyway it looks horrid on me."

"Where are the rest of the family?" Meg wanted to know.

"Beth stopped by the music store to get some new tune. There, I hear her coming now. The others will be here in a minute."

(Continued on Page 8)

Essay On Christopher Columbus

Christopher Columbus, the son of a wealthy bootlegger, was born at Valley Forge, Texas, July fourth, 1777. Chris was born a soldier. Many thrilling stories are told concerning his famous taxi ride to Elkton to have the people prepare for the onslaught of the Swiss Cheesers. Nobody knows exactly how Christopher received his remarkable military education, but it is thought that the foundation for it was laid in the young man's many trips made in the interest of his father's business.

When Christopher was eighteen, he went to Madisonville to become the star salesman of the Blowout Tire Company. It was a year later that he made his famous dash to Clarksville—the dash which first brought him before the public eye, The story of this daring deed is an interesting one. This is it:

It was midnight. The lights in the dormitory had ceased to shine an hour before. Chris received the word that the Cheesers would shortly attack the town of Clarksville. After many attempts to start the old Buick, the dauntless young fellow jumped into one of Hopkinsville's open-air taxis and made the long, lone dash down the road. Several days later he reached Clarksville, only to find that the news of his coming had frightened off the Cheesers. Christopher cried. He ached for battle, So he came home and married Mrs. Samantha Talkalot, who had thrice made herself a widow.

Christopher entered the movies as the star of the Ima Sapp Company. With Miss Gimmealotta Gold as his leading lady, he made many notable productions. He also helped Ben Turpin to attain cinema fame, (Christopher's genius caused Mr. Turpin to go cross-eyed with envy.)

One day while he was in the Christian County Jail, Christopher shouted desperately, "Give me liberty or give me death!" And he has been dead ever since.

BILLY WHITT.

A Sad Catastrophe

Three sweet little, clean little puppies one day

As they sat on a mat in my room, Saw a bold little cat run into the house

And hide behind a broom.

'He's mine!" barked Pete as he jumped to his feet, "I saw him first, I declare!" "Indeed!" shouted Pat as he leaped

from the mat,
"I saw him first, so beware."

"You're wrong!" exclaimed Jack
as he glared hard at Pat,
"The cat should be mine, because I
First saw his shadow come in
through the door,"
And at Pat foolish Jack did fly.

ON THE CAMPUS

At sundown . . . 10:30—taps . . . Good ole Nashville bus! . . . Dunbar's Cave—m'm, what a swimming pool! . . . Santa Claus visits Bethel . . . Equestrienne on a pedestal . . . A Bicycle Built for Two . . . Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells! . . . St. Peter and our Faculty . . . Three peasants . . . It happened on Pledge Day





THAT BETHEL SPIRIT

All aboard, horsewomen! . . . Going somewhere? . . . Watermelon—choose your own position . . . Buy some candy, you Phi Kaps! . . . One Sunday afternoon — Third East . . . Hikers on a hillside . . . Lunch-bell—happy town girls! . . . How high up we are! . . . Two goats . . . Buy a puppy, lady? . . . Where are the steeds? . . . The three musketeers (Bethel version) . . . And after breakfast—mail call . . .

They fussed and they fought until quite soon

They forgot the poor little cat, And when their mistress came into the room

She chased them out with a bat.

Those sweet little, clean little puppies now

Were a lamentable sight to behold, And sad was their fate when no supper they got

And they had to sleep out in the cold.

And not since that day when the cat got away

Have they quarreled, or fussed, or fought,

For they found it was wiser and certainly much nicer

To be kind, as good puppies ought.

JAMIE ARNOLD BROWNING.

When the March Sisters Come To Bethel

Any girl entering Bethel at mid-term is the subject of a great deal of lively discussion, but this year conversation and excitement are utterly unbounded. Even examinations are but a minor interest. What is the cause of all this furore? The four March girls are coming to Bethel!

We understand that Meg will go to Sinking Fork for practice teaching. Even though she has taught before and found her duties rather tiresome, we expect that in making formal lesson

plans she will find something different.

Everybody seems more interested in Jo than in the other girls. She seems very dear and very human with her hot temper and boyish ways. What we have heard of her odd personality makes us want to know more about her. We are counting her in on a midnight feast because we believe she will enjoy such a risky lark. She is the sister whom the Student Council girls will have to watch. There is a great deal of discussion as to which sorority will win her, and of course she will receive a bid to Kappa Upsilon.

Beth probably will be the fifty-eighth member of the Glee Club, as she is the musician of the March family. She will

make some student a lovely roommate.

As soon as the girls come into Main Hall we shall recognize Amy, because she will have on the prettiest clothes and will be prinking with the help of a vanity. People say that she is selfish, but we are prepared to like her because she is a sociable girl,

Tonight the Dean was with us in the parlor, reading us a letter from Jo. Jo wrote that she had prepared her first oral theme for English. It will be about the time she and Laurie rescued Amy from drowning in the pond where they were

While the Dean was reading the letter, the radio began to play a strangely appropriate song. We stopped the reading of the letter to listen. A few of the words stuck in my memory. '... makes me thankful for little women like you.'

MARY WALSH.

(Continued from Page 5)

Beth's entrance was not nearly so noisy as that of her older

sister, but she was happily excited, too.

"Hello, everybody! I just bought the prettiest new piece. It's the one we've been hearing over the radio-you know-dada-dum-da."

"Dear sisters, there's work to be done," hinted Meg.
"'Course there is. There always is. We'll help," agreed

Amy and Beth cheerfully.

Jo came into the girl-filled kitchen by way of the back door. Her short hair was rumpled, and her white shirt was comfortably open at the neck. She carried a tennis racquet and a notebook.

"Christopher Columbus! Old Larry and I had a glorious tennis battle. I won two sets out of three. Food? Do you mean to tell me you have food here? When may we have it to eat? It's doing nobody any good sitting there steaming in bowls and

"We'll have supper just as soon as Marmee comes," Meg said.

Jo found the newspaper and began eagerly to digest the sports page.

"Have you girls seen the column about the Harvard-Yale game? It is a grand account. Some day you'll be reading my stuff in this paper." Jo flung a long arm across the table for greater comfort while reading. Disaster! A bowl of creamed potatoes emptied its contents partly into her brown tweed lap and partly on the floor.

Amid the confusion that followed, Marmee entered quietly. She helped to clear away the wreckage that Jo had caused.

"I have a surprise for you girls," she announced, when the pre-Io quiet of the kitchen was restored. "I got a raise today." "Whee!" Jo shouted, and Amy and Beth danced delightedly about the room at the news.

"Let's have a song," Meg suggested; and immediately Beth ran into the parlor and began to play "Happy Days Are Here Again."

While all the Marches were singing I slipped softly out of the back door. The Marches didn't want a guest just now. A voice sounded in my ear, and I turned to see which of the family had missed me. I opened my eyes to see my mother's sweet face smiling down at me.

"Lazybones, just because you get home late from the picture show you need not think you can sleep all day undisturbed. Get up and tell me how you liked the show, 'Little Women'."

JO AND I

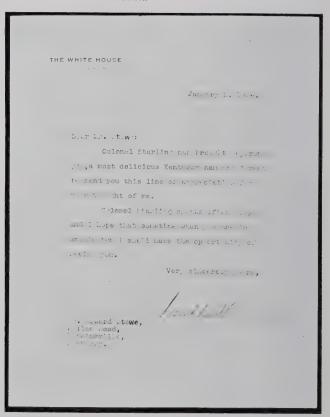
Were you ever misunderstood-so misunderstood that existence was made miserable for you? I have been. All my life nobody has seemed to understand my feelings about this and that. Jo, was never taken seriously, but was considered very odd and wild and boyish in her ways. Of course, Marmee made allowances for Jo's strange behavior, and Jo's father affectionately called her his boy; but many times poor Jo must have longed for a real companionship and understanding with somebody.

You see, I know the real Jo, because I am like her. I know that she was so wrapped up in her dreams of doing something great that sometimes she overlooked deeds she should have performed on behalf of others. I have dreams, too. Jo, however, had a generous heart. Who but she would have cropped her mane in order that Marmee might have more money to take

with her on her trip to Washington?

I have always loved to romp when I should be sitting still, to make friends with strangers, to play the villain rôle in a play, and, most of all, to walk in the rain without an umbrella. So did Jo. We are misunderstood because we cannot control our restless spirits, Jo and T. STELLA HARRIMAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A facsimile reproduction of a letter from the President of the U.S. to Mr. Howard Stowe, a devoted friend and faithful director of the College.



THOUGHTS WHILE LOUNGING



The History of a Squash

A farmer had a garden, and in a tiny spot A little seed he planted, and it sprouted quite a lot.

It was many days later up the hill and from the marsh That he looked among the bushes and he found a little squash.

His squashes by October were all ripe enough to pick, So he put them in his wagon and he harnessed up old

He carried them to market, and our little squash on top The aproned grocer bought and then put it in his shop.

To market went a little girl and bought this luscious squash,

And at home she gave it to the willing cook to wash.

And at home she gave it to the willing cook to wash.

Hannah scrubbed it and she cubed it and she boiled it in a pot,

Then she buttered it quite lavishly and served it while 'twas hot.

But spill no tears, my reader, into the Marches' empty

For a little yellow squash, you see, doesn't have a soul.

JAMIE ARNOLD BROWNING.

The Bethel girl stretched out on her bed, yawned, glanced at her watch, half arose, then lay back on two cushions and a calico cat.

"I really ought to pack that last bag," she thought. "But it's so much pleasanter just to lie here. Oh, dear, only think, we're really going home today! I remember when I first came last fall, June seemed years instead of months away. I was really just a little home-sick—how silly of me! But I didn't stay that silly for long.

"Let's see, it must have been the very first Saturday afternoon that we went clear down into Tennessee for our picnic at Dunbar's Cave. How good the water felt in the swimming pool! And oh, that slicky, slimy trip through the cave! The excitement of it was worth all the energy and white shoe polish required afterward. The next Friday night brought the reception. I spent all the afternoon and every minute after dinner primping. That was the night we got our first glimpse of the Hoptown swains. (Oh, he promised to call me today; why doesn't he hurry up about it?)

"On the fourth Saturday afternoon in September I learned what Mr. Stowe really means to Bethel girls. Watermelon had never tasted so good as it did at the feast he gave us—maybe it was because I was allowed to dig the melon from the rind with my fingers. . . .

"Somewhere in my scrapbook I have my invitation to the Phi Kap rush party, but I don't remember going. Oh, yes, that was the time we were in the infirmary with 'it.'

"Everybody was well, though, for the wedding on—on—October sixth. What a handsome couple Kathleen and Marie made! And it was just like a real sure-enough wedding, even to the rings. The next morning was the excitingest day of all. I'll never again feel so important as I felt on Pledge Day. I went up the Main Hall stairway three steps at a time, and at the top everyone fell on my neck and cried over me, and yelled for me as though I were the most desired of all girls in the world.

"Then, let's see—on the second Friday in October we saw the Hopkinsville historical pageant. I really like history when I can get it like that. And on Sunday we heard Kryl's Symphony Band. It was a decided improvement over our home-town band, I must admit. . . .

"I can't ever forget that next week, when all the long-heard-of horrors of initiation came to pass. But it was fun, anyway; I always had longed for a chance to eat peas with my knife. Even goat day wasn't really bad, though I guess we all learned that the conventional manner of wearing our clothes and carrying our books was more comfortable than any other style, however novel. Goat day night (how funny that sounds) most of us ate a picnic supper on the campus, while an important few went to the B. Y. P. U. banquet. That was stunt night, too. Second East must have studied the teachers for weeks, for their take-offs certainly deserved first prize. And I can't forget First West's ferocious-looking beast, or the poor sufferers from Main, or Third East's angel, First East's human pin-cushion, and Second West's 'mammy'. The next day, Saturday the twenty-first, I'll always remember. All at once I learned why the catalogue said 'bring a white dress,' and what my sorority really means to its members. . . . And that night the handsome magician 'vanished' the pony. . . .

"I really got to know the town girls well when we gave them the slumber party on, well, early in November. How queer it felt to be feasting at midnight in pajamas and the dining room! Oh, and that was the night of the first Bethel Theatre production. I was so afraid that little Tony wouldn't get any more pills, but he did, goody. . . .

"I know what happened on November tenth—sorority parties! I'll bet if I went down the hall right now saying 'Bugs' to the Phi Kaps and 'Sea Lion' to the Betas, they'd everyone know what I meant. The next day we made the first of our trips to Nashville, and came back with muchly-autographed programs of the Cossack singers. . . .

"Just the week before Thanksgiving, East gave that amusing mock track meet party for West and Main. That was one time it paid to have big feet and meeth, mithe, moothe—what is the plural of mouth? And on Thanksgiving Eve (can you really say that, same as Christmas Eve, I wonder?) I discovered what good actresses the Betas had. But mostly I remember the fowtool and all the fow passes that were made. The next day was just crammed full of turkey and relatives, and cranberry sauce and other girls' brothers. . . .

"How excited we were all during December! I thought the twentieth would never come. The Beta Bazaar early in the month increased the Christmas spirit wonderfully. My birthday came just before vacation time, and I was expecting just to die of homesickness; but Doctor and Mrs. Gaines, bless their hearts, entertained all us 'December girls' just as if they were our own mother and father. We had a birthday dinner and candles and everything. Birthday dinners during the other months were fun, but that time it was super-fun, The night before vacation, I remember, the Glee Club gave their recital. Only they didn't recite—they sang—beautifully. And the next morning—Christmas breakfast! I was so sleepy and so excited all at once that now I hardly remember anything except early breakfast with favors and hysterical good-byes.

"It was so much fun greeting everybody back in January! We fell on each other's necks as if we had been separated for months. I'm so glad I got to see the marionette show that month. It was utterly charming. I remember I came right back to my room and tried out the system on my own stuffed animals, but somehow I couldn't make them go so well. . . .

"The second of February, 1934, meant something new to Bethel. I felt so important going down to Higgins' with my date, because we were starting a sure-'nough custom—something that had never been done before!

"Dear me, I wish I could toot a horn. Then I could have played in the orchestra recital on the ninth of March. When I heard my classmates playing just like real artists I was prouder than ever of Bethel. Thank goodness, Mother got my new formal done in time for the Junior-Senior banquet on the sixteenth. Good food, good speeches, and good fun. . . . The Phi Kaps gave their play in March, too. Another time to dress up and be a theatre-goer with a date!

"I suppose spring vacation was intended to be a rest in anticipation of the next week, but I went visiting. And I was certainly not prepared for all the enthusiasm our visitors brought to the G. A. houseparty. But I enjoyed it thoroughly, even if my youthful guest did make me feel somewhat like an old-maid aunt.

"Last month, West and Main entertained East. I think I've had a better time at the hall parties this year than at any others I've attended. And then the Betas gave that lovely tea for the Phi Kaps. Good old Betas! And good old Phi Kaps, too, because they entertained the Betas this month.

"I'd heard about the Stowe picnics, but I didn't know how nice they were until I went on my first one. If I hadn't been such a dignified young woman, I'd have hugged Mr. Stowe's neck!

"Goodness, so much has happened this last week! The lawn fete last Friday was the prettiest thing I ever saw. (Had a date with Him, too.) Class Day and May Day both on Saturday filled up the whole day. I know the Queen didn't enjoy the pageant one bit more than I did. This morning all the Seniors looked so proud ... but all this afternoon they've been saying tearful good-byes. I'm glad I'm only a Junior and can come back next year. . . .

"Heavens, is it really that late? I must get at that packing!" And with these words, the Bethel girl jumped up and began frantically to stuff square yards of clothing into square inches of week-end case.

DOROTHY VERNON CROWDER.



An Evening Spent on the Planet Mars

The annual Junior-Senior banquet at Bethel is not just one of those affairs that come about at stated times because they are customary. It is much more than a mere matter of the year's routine to the Seniors; it is joyously festive, and delightfully prophetic of cap-and-gown days.

Particularly was the 1934 banquet of great moment to the Bethel Seniors, for their hostesses conjured them deftly from the realm of class bells and quizzes to the exciting land of Mars! The evening was one of zigzagging silvery skyscrapers, winking tapers in chippedstar holders, melodies of the minute, and irresistible native personages who lured the Seniors deep into pleasure. So crammed with fancy and fun was the time that guests discarded their celebrated dignity like a cloak, and even forgot the horrible possibilities of an official verdict in May, "Thou shalt not pass!"

The happy sojourn on the planet Mars ended with each Junior's thinking, or saying, or both: "Good luck, Senior!" And each Senior answered in her heart, or aloud:

"I appreciate your good wishes. May you profit by our mistakes!"

Friendly Hints

Miss Nowlan: A string tied around your finger when you make your next chapel talk will remind you that this is 1934.

Student Body: In the future, do not stare at anybody as you did at Emily Clark when she returned to school slightly addle-brained after tumbling downstairs on her head.

Mary Clarke: Tell us what is behind your sudden desire to work hard this year.

The Pedagogues: Take a full supply of hairpins and nail files with you to the training school, in case Miss Nourse wants to hear Kemper play Hold Me on the piano while the auto service truck is on its way out to doctor up the Studebaker.

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"Maybe it's from the Concordance," volunteered Miriam Lackey.



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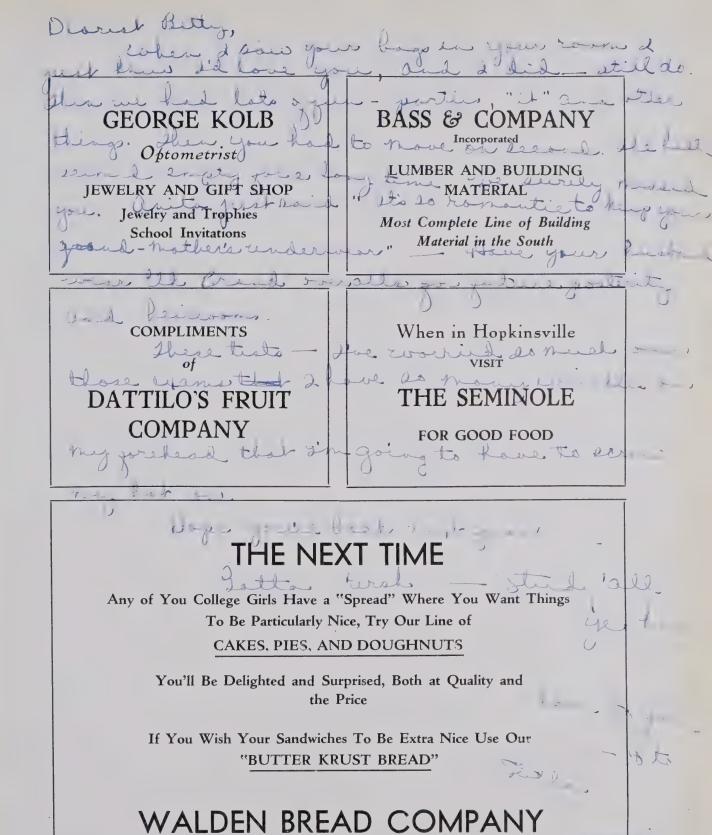
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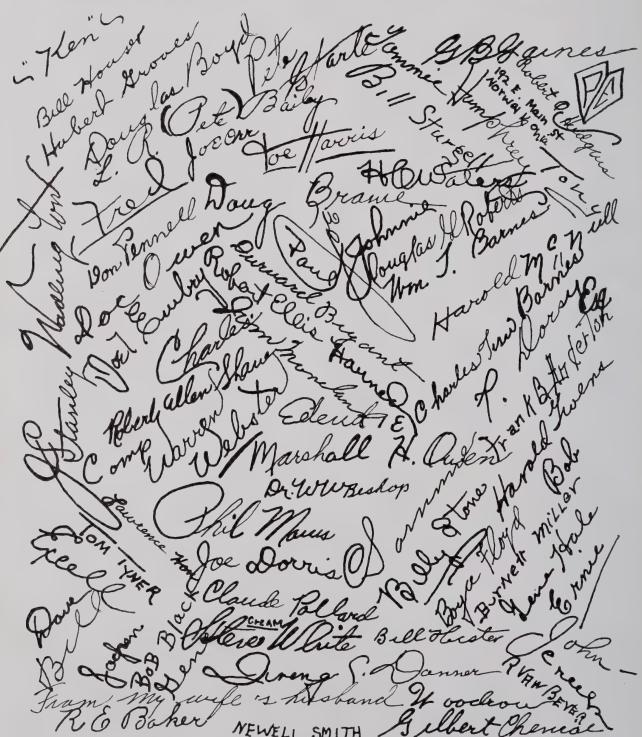


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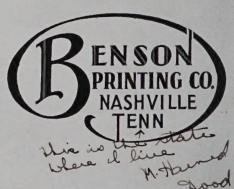
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Dearest Helly Lee I have made the mislake of reading what the other girls have written and how they say has been said. No, every one does not Senow some of the things of know about you and all do not like you in the same way dds.
I really did not know you so well with
you moved up on 2 nd West and really of think
our talks in your room, (at hours when I wasn't supposed to be there) when we told each other what we do at home and what we are planning to do. my! what dam Tuying to say is that all these have made me dove you that much I hope our observation teaching you did not take to seriously and become an old maid school teacher. However, I don't think there is any dancer if you only change your mind about a few ideas, where we do not agree. I sincerely hope I did not get you in dutch" by witting on your letters Betty, honest il can't ever tell you all I would like to, but it will try to prove I done you blook fought the promise we made. Wishing you all the success in everything you do. and you must come to Jenness grand place it is. Sove your margaret H.